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### THE PROPERTY DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE attendance at the important meeting at the Mansion House was on the whole satisfactory. The presence of Lord POWERSCOURT, of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and of other Liberal politicians, as well as the letter of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, proved that the movement is not confined to one political party. It is to be regretted that Mr. HUBBARD should have thought it necessary to oppose the objects of the meeting, although many persons probably agree in his opinion that the Association will to some extent undertake duties which properly belong to the Government. The subscription deserves support so fully that there is some inconvenience in expressing the incidental reflections which it suggests. The organizations in Ireland which the promoters intend to assist furnish an answer to the heartless taunts addressed by Mr. GLADSTONE and others to the persecuted Irish landlords. The Emergency Committee and the Property Defence Association have done more than could be expected to counteract the agrarian conspiracy which the Land Act has rather encouraged than checked; but the landowners, with the exception of those who have resources independently of their Irish estates, are unable to contribute largely; and it is not remarkable that Englishmen who are interested in the protection of property should come to their aid. The favoured correspondent, who on behalf of the Irish Land League habitually supplies the *Times* with paradoxes and fallacies affects to believe that those who have responded to the invitation of the LORD MAYOR are exclusively City capitalists, because they have held their meeting in the Mansion House. The subscribers are, according to Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, landlords of the Irish landlords; or, in other words, mortgagees who are the ultimate recipients of the rents. They are also confounded with purchasers under "the infamous Encumbered Estates Acts," which were, as it may be remembered, passed with the unanimous approval of all parties for the purpose of substituting new and solvent owners for the old race of needy and embarrassed landlords. It is notorious that the purchasers whose Parliamentary title has been summarily disregarded by Parliament were for the most part Irishmen of the middle class, who thought that their money might be safely invested in land. The few English capitalists who may have engaged in the same speculation are perhaps better able to bear the loss; and it is improbable that they were largely represented at the City meeting.

Although no official statement of the objects of the movement has yet been published, the funds which may be collected will probably be applied to the purchase of interests and property which may be sold under legal process employed for the recovery of rent. Notwithstanding the slackness of the Government in discharging its primary duties, there is reason to believe that protection will be afforded to the officers of the law and to purchasers. It will be a matter for further consideration and experiment to ascertain how property lawfully acquired may be securely enjoyed. The Association can only confer legal possession on those who may be duly entitled. It is the business of the Executive Government, under its general powers or with the aid of special enactments, to suppress violence and disorder. The clamour against English contributions as incitements to civil war may be disregarded as at the same time absurd and in-

sincere. No administrator of the Mansion House fund will have any material force at his disposal, for the public authorities will be exclusively responsible for the employment of the soldiery and the police. It might fairly be argued that the expense of protecting property ought to be borne by the nation rather than by the litigants; but there is no time or leisure to raise doubtful questions; and it is known that the sufferers appeal to private liberality for immediate aid. Competition in subscriptions with Fenian clubs in the United States may be undignified and unsatisfactory, but it is better that the conspirators should be defeated with their own weapons than that they should organize systematic robbery without opposition. It is perhaps superfluous to answer charges of complicity with civil war which are preferred by systematic advocates of treason.

It may be hoped that the subscription will not be discouraged by the awkward advocacy of Ministerial journals, and especially of the *Times*. The perverse attempt to devolve the responsibility of Government on a voluntary Association was caused perhaps rather by involuntary obtuseness than by deliberate partisanship. The answer to an imaginary charge of departure from strict neutrality was altogether unnecessary. At the present moment every honest politician is bound to take a part in the struggle between justice and violence. The apologists of crime have actually founded an argument on the strange decisions of the Irish Sub-Commissioners. The judicial spoliation of owners is cited as a proof that injustice had been previously inflicted on occupiers; and it is not obscurely hinted that the refusal of rent is partially excused by the excessive amounts which have hitherto been levied. It is perhaps not surprising that the assurances by which the Government persuaded Parliament to pass the Land Act should be disavowed when they have effected their object. Subscribers to the Mansion House fund cannot pretend to be neutral between right and wrong. It is essential to the success of their enterprise that they should dissociate themselves from party politics. As far as they are concerned, the question whether the Government has discharged its duty may be conveniently left in abeyance. Their contributions are destined to supply an undoubted want; and it is not their present business to inquire whether it has been artificially created. If they publicly attribute blame to the Government, they will alienate its devoted followers; and they would cause more general irritation by adopting the doctrines propounded by the *Times*. Some willing contributors might refuse to take part in a movement which was founded on the assumption that the enforcement of the law was a proper object of voluntary organization. The theory was implicitly abolished when private warfare was discontinued.

If Mr. O'DONNELL is justified in his assertion that various incumbrancers will share in any relief which may be afforded to landlords, there seems to be no reason to regret the result. A creditor who has advanced money on land is as well entitled to the benefit of his security as the borrower to the surplus on the reversion. It is scarcely advantageous to the entire Irish community that it has become impossible to obtain any advance of capital even for profitable purposes. Mortgagees are not the only partners in the property which ostensibly belongs to the landowners. Widows and younger children commonly depend for their livelihood on the proceeds of the estate which the occupiers, at the instigation of the Land

League, are dividing among themselves. It may during the present reign of terror be found impossible to provide successors to the usurping occupiers; but something will be gained if they are legally and actually evicted. It is not necessary that every contributor to the Mansion House Fund should understand the details of the process by which the landlords and their creditors are to be assisted and protected. The Irish landlords who have associated themselves for their own defence have given the best proof of their confidence in the organization by consenting to rateable assessments which most of them can ill afford while the richer owners have in addition given liberal subscriptions. If in some instances they have done at their own expense what ought to have been done by the Government, they are not to be blamed. Their action against recalcitrant tenants will not be always or necessarily hostile. Many of the occupiers are willing as well as able to pay their rents in the reasonable belief that the law of property will at some future time be once more enforced. Payment to avoid immediate eviction will perhaps even by the Land League be so far deemed excusable as to exempt the tenant from liability to murder or even to the mutilation of his cattle. In such a case force, as far as it is applied to the protection of the officers of the law, will be a remedy.

Mr. GLADSTONE's telegraphic message to the LORD MAYOR, received on the day of the meeting, is so far explicit and satisfactory that the Government admits the movement to be justifiable. It could scarcely be expected that the Minister should add the expression of a more definite opinion. The Irish Government has offered no discouragement to the efforts of the Property Defence Association; and it must be allowable to aid by pecuniary contributions any organization which has a lawful purpose. The Duke of WESTMINSTER, one of the most faithful supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, defines the object of the Defence Association as "the re-establishment of law and order, and the prevention of plunder." The greatness of the danger, or rather the extent of the evil, which prevails is well explained by Mr. PLUNKET in his powerful speech at Leicester. If Mr. HUBBARD were right in his opinion that the fund was intended to take up the work of Government in Ireland, it would be better that a necessary task should be accomplished by anomalous methods than that it should be wholly neglected; but Mr. GLADSTONE in his communication to the LORD MAYOR sufficiently answered Mr. HUBBARD. The lists of subscribers will be watched with a certain interest. Of the great landowners in the south of Ireland, Lord FITZWILLIAM is for the present the most conspicuous supporter of the movement. He had previously joined the Property Defence Association, and subscribed liberally to its funds in addition to his proportional assessment. Among the greater English and Scotch landowners who attended the meeting or approved its objects are not only the Duke of SUTHERLAND, who has, perhaps, detached himself from the Liberal party, but the Duke of BEDFORD, as well as the Duke of WESTMINSTER. It may be inferred from the guarded language of Mr. GLADSTONE's message that none of the Ministers will allow their names to appear as subscribers to the fund, though some of them most heartily approve its objects.

#### FRANCE AND TUNIS.

THE debate on the affairs of Tunis in the French Senate allowed the two best speakers in France to engage in an equal and honourable conflict. The attack of the Duke DE BROGLIE and the defence of M. GAMBETTA were alike in the best style of French Parliamentary oratory—in that easy, vague, conversational style which permits a constant flow of hints, repartees, and satires, a constant display of the adroitness that chooses or shifts the issues of debate, and a constant interchange of the politeness that wounds with a smile, and the moderation that simulates the abandonment of a contest in which victory is assured. A debate conducted in this way is not perhaps so impressive as a debate conducted in the English style. The speakers do not so completely exhaust their subject, do not so fully force home their points by the artifices of varied repetition, and do not find such natural occasions for the flights of laboured rhetoric or the bursts of genuine oratory. But it is more interesting, more animated, and far shorter. There is nothing

worth adding that could be added to the exposition which the Duke DE BROGLIE gave of the intricacies and dangers which must attend the future relations of France and Tunis. But, on the other hand, few chiefs of a new Cabinet could rival the skill with which M. GAMBETTA neither associated himself with his predecessors nor threw them over, and, without committing himself to any particular course, gave the impression that innumerable solutions of Tunisian difficulties were present to his ingenious mind. The Duke DE BROGLIE gave a piquant sketch of the leading episodes of the expedition, of the subterfuges of M. ST.-HILAIRE, and of the fright of the FERRY Ministry lest what they were doing should be known before the elections. He soared into poetry when he spoke of the noble sons of French homes who have strewn with their dead bodies the devouring sands of that land of fire. But all this did not touch M. GAMBETTA. He stripped some of the romance off the last statement by remarking that the total loss of the French army had only been eleven hundred men; but as to the statements of M. ST.-HILAIRE and the manoeuvres of M. FERRY, he replied that he was only a simple deputy at the time and had no responsibility. The DUKE is much too able a debater to press a point where the reply of his adversary is on the surface absolutely complete, and he passed on to discuss the future for which M. GAMBETTA will be incontestably responsible. He urged that a protectorate had all the evils of annexation; that France, whether protecting Tunis or annexing it, would have the Porte as its neighbour, and suffer all the inconveniences of the neighbourhood; that if France controlled the revenues of Tunis, she must pay or guarantee the Tunisian debt; that a large portion of the French army would be locked up in a quarter where it would be useless in a European war; and that most disagreeable diplomatic quarrels would arise possibly with Spain, probably with England, and certainly with Italy. Why should not a French Ministry have the boldness to imitate the English Ministry—to retire from a dangerous situation into which the country ought never to have been dragged, to disregard the temporary clamour of an aggrieved patriotism, and to give up Tunis as England had given up the Transvaal. It is true that the BARDO Treaty exists; but, as the DUKE inquired, is it too much to hope that the BEY might be induced to give up even the BARDO Treaty if the gentle methods of persuasion which influenced him last May were again applied?

It was for M. GAMBETTA an easy retort that there was nothing he should like better than to make with Tunis a treaty like that which England has made with the Transvaal—a treaty by which a French agent, and no other agent, was to reside in Tunis, and Tunis was to be cut off from the world except through the intervention of French diplomacy. The parallel of Tunis and the Transvaal is obviously a false one; and the DUKE merely meant to say that the argument from the national honour of France being engaged in Tunis must not be strained so as to make perpetual a blunder that might be made temporary. When he came to speak of what was to be the future of Tunis, M. GAMBETTA threw little light on Tunis but very much light on himself. One of the witnesses in the ROUSTAN trial said that, at the period of which he was speaking, M. GAMBETTA knew nothing about Tunis; and this ignorance seems to have lasted in its full intensity until about three or four weeks ago. Tunis is to him a new field of knowledge and thought, and its novelty stimulates his imagination. He approaches this subject as he approaches other subjects—with a profound conviction that, however puzzling the subject may seem, he will somehow find the right solution; and that he will not only adopt it, but make others see that it is the right solution. He allows his mind to play freely over the ground before it. He likes to think of every possibility, and when a subject is so new to him as Tunis, many things seem possible which a person who had been thinking over Tunis longer would know to be impossible. Nothing could have been more singular than the spectacle of a Minister laying his crude thoughts before Parliament, owning that they were crude, and owning that at present he does not know which thought is better and more valuable than any other thought. But nothing could show more clearly that the Minister who has now to decide what France is to do in Tunis approaches this difficult question with a perfectly unfettered mind. Perhaps it may be better to continue the Financial Commission in Tunis; perhaps not. Possibly something like the Egyptian plan, with



Controllers-General, would do; possibly, as Egypt and Tunis are very unlike, it would not do. It might be necessary to make France responsible for the debt of Tunis or it might be unnecessary. Diplomatic difficulties might also be smoothed over. England was already quite inclined to be pleasant about Tunis, and as to Italy M. GAMBETTA thought that there might be even with Italy some sort of tractation. One of his hearers called out that this was quite a new word, and M. GAMBETTA cheerfully replied that he had coined a word, because no existing word expressed the peculiarly delicate arrangement, or approach to an arrangement, which he had in his head. A Minister coining ideas and coining words visibly in the face of all men would certainly have awakened the French sense of the ridiculous had it not been so obvious that no one but a strong man could have ventured to do it. It bespoke a belief in himself to which his audience involuntarily responded. France knows no more of what is to be done in Tunis than it knew a week ago, but it knows that the decision is in the hands of a man who has that union of imagination and tenacity which sometimes leads to great disasters, but also leads to great successes.

M. ROUSTAN has this week been the hero of a trial which has largely gratified the scandal-loving public. M. ROCHFORD had printed in his paper a statement that M. ROUSTAN had got up the Tunis expedition for stock-jobbing purposes, had taken bribes, and had been the accomplice of an Italian adventuress who had extraordinary influence, and freely sold her influence for M. ROUSTAN's benefit and her own. M. ROUSTAN has come from Tunis expressly to show that this statement is a libel and is wholly untrue. The conduct of a French trial is so very peculiar, and so utterly inconsistent with English notions of what a trial ought to be, that it is almost irrelevant to criticize the evidence offered on either side. M. CAMILLE PELLETAN said that he had travelled lately in Tunis, and had heard that M. ROUSTAN took bribes. M. WADDINGTON testified that he had the highest respect for M. ROUSTAN, and could state that M. ROUSTAN was now as poor as when he went to Tunis. M. DE LESSEPS solemnly testified that the lady was very pretty. Another witness with equal solemnity deposed that she was forty-eight, and that M. ROUSTAN was not in the least likely to be swayed by her charms. A side controversy was discussed with extreme acrimony as to whether M. DE BILLING had or had not been authorized by M. ST.-HILAIRE to report to him on Tunis. M. DE BILLING established the fact that he had sent M. ST.-HILAIRE a report; but then M. ST.-HILAIRE as clearly proved that directly he got the report he put it in the fire. There is no apparent bearing in this or in any part of the evidence on the question whether M. ROUSTAN took bribes. The gossip of Tunis says he did, and M. ROUSTAN says he did not, and M. WADDINGTON and M. ST.-HILAIRE believe M. ROUSTAN and disbelieve the gossip. What with the debate as to the lady's charms, and what with a man like M. ST.-HILAIRE publicly calling an adverse witness a liar, there was enough and more than enough to amuse a Parisian public. The case only became serious when the jury gave a verdict of acquittal in spite of a strong indication on the part of the judge that the verdict ought to have been for the prosecution. Juries in political trials have very peculiar ways of conducting themselves, and it is understood that the jury meant to say, not that M. ROUSTAN had taken bribes, but that they do not like the company he had kept, and, still more, that they were heartily sick of the whole Tunis business. If the general feeling of France can be collected from the illogical verdict of a single jury, M. GAMBETTA may congratulate himself on having a freer field before him than was present to his mind when he was answering the Duke DE BROGLIE. He will, for example, have little difficulty in settling as he may think proper the Enfidra case, which has now assumed a new aspect. Mr. LEVY has been forcibly dispossessed. He has been turned out by Tunisian officials in the presence of French troops. It would seem, therefore, as if the very thing had happened to prevent which Lord GRANVILLE sent in the spring an ironclad to Tunisian waters. But it is too early to treat what has happened as an affront to England. The whole tone of M. GAMBETTA's speech shows that he is sincerely anxious not to give England any just cause of complaint; and, if wrong has been done, and if Mr. LEVY has not been dispossessed in accordance with the judgment of a competent local court, M. GAMBETTA may be confidently expected to direct without delay that proper

reparation shall be made, and the jurymen who have made M. ROUSTAN's return to Tunis almost impossible will be the first to rejoice that the great Enfidra case, which was one of his pet creations, should be buried in his fall.

#### IRELAND IN IRELAND.

IT is rather an unfortunate incident of modern civilization that the public attention is drawn from one subject to another with an ever-increasing rapidity; but it would certainly be more than rather unfortunate if the subscription which has just been opened at the Mansion House should draw off public attention from the actual state of Ireland, on which not many days ago it was beginning to concentrate itself. The relation of the new movement to the functions of executive government is a highly interesting problem; the exact steps which it is proposed to take for the assistance of the Irish landlords and other law-abiding persons are also highly interesting. But the point of main importance is the actual condition of Ireland itself. In one, and in only one, respect that condition shows signs of improvement. The anarchy is worse than it was last winter, but the attitude of juries seems to be better. There is either less connivance or less fear, and convictions have in several instances been obtained which would pretty certainly not have been obtained at the Winter Assizes of 1880. This, of course, as far as it goes, is encouraging. But it is to be feared that it does not go very far. The Lords Committee on Irish juries showed decisively of what class they are now for the most part composed. It is the class which, as a rule, profits by outrages in Ireland, but does not commit them—the class of farmers just above the very smallest. This class is at the present moment in the receipt of constant gifts from the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act, and it is perfectly conceivable that the action of the IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL in his canvass for Derry may not have been without its effect on a people proverbially acute, and now eager only for gain, and entirely free from any sense of morality. "Return me," said the representative of law and order, "and such and such reductions of your rent will be the result." "Refuse to convict," Irish juries probably imagine the Government saying, "and the word will be passed to cease 'redacting.'" It was clear from the first that the Land Act would be capable of being worked as an enormous engine of bribery, and some satisfaction may be got out of the fact that some of the bribes have resulted in action in itself laudable.

It does not, however, appear that the recent convictions have in any way checked the evildoers of the "No Rent" faction. The words of Mr. PLUNKET at Leicester the other day are those of a speaker who never uses words lightly, and whose knowledge of Irish history is perhaps equal to that of the English journalists who have taken the Duke of ABERCORN to task for exaggerating the relative gravity of the situation. Mr. PLUNKET says deliberately that "the oldest men cannot recall a time when the conscience of the Irish people was so demoralized and the attitude of the lawless so fierce and defiant." A statement like this is not rebutted by the vague and faltering optimism in which Lord CARLINGFORD indulged a few days later. The period which is assigned by Mr. PLUNKET certainly includes the time—some fifty years ago—to which the comparative anatomists of Irish crime are fond of referring. They choose to forget that at that time the population of Ireland was much greater than at present, which destroys the arithmetical proportion; and also they forget the less civilized condition of the country and the recent existence of galling restrictions, which destroy the logical proportion. But what they forget most of all is precisely what Mr. PLUNKET remembers. The gravity of the present situation lies, not so much in the actual outrages committed, not so much in the resistance to particular laws, or the hostile feeling entertained towards English rule, as in the complete demoralization of the people. The cry of "No Rent!" is more subversive of society than any cry ever heard in Ireland before. And the cry of "No Rent!" which even Lord CARLINGFORD admits to be entirely novel, is the cry of the moment. There is no sign that this cry, whether in its simple form or in the disguise of demands for preposterous reductions, is growing any fainter; and there can be very

little doubt that, as has been more than once pointed out, nothing but a combined attack on those who refuse to pay rent, and the application to them of the utmost rigour of the law, will do much good. It is in the possible assistance that may be rendered to such an attack by the new Mansion House subscription that its chief value consists.

The more, however, the actual state of Ireland is considered, the more certain does it become that, unless the present action of the Land Court is checked or modified, the demoralization of which Mr. PLUNKET complains will continue. For the source of that demoralization is the hope—it may be from the Land League, it may be from the Land Court—of inequitable, if not illegal, gain. It is not too much to say that every batch of decisions of the Sub-Commissioners tends to keep alive that hope. Persons like Mr. LABOUCHERE may find it convenient to assume that these decisions are unimpeachable, and that they prove the landlords to be in the wrong. Examination of the facts is utterly incompatible with any such assumption. Mr. GIBSON'S severe criticism of the constitution of the Sub-Commissions may or may not be correct—that is a personal question on which it would be rather invidious to enter. But certain things are plain. The subject of Irish rents is no new one; it has been examined by authorities, partial and impartial, over and over again during the last half-century, and the result ratified and endorsed by the BESSBOROUGH Commission and the present PRIME MINISTER is that universal, or even general, over-renting could not be charged against the Irish landlord. Against this has to be set the fact that in hundreds of cases, taken presumably at random, and certainly from almost every part of Ireland, the instances in which rents have been raised will not exhaust the fingers of one hand, and those in which they have been left stationary are not much more numerous, while reductions have been wholesale and unsparing. If there were nothing more to be said, it would still be surprising that all the Commissions and all the independent witnesses for half a century should be wrong, and that a bevy of Sub-Commissioners, chosen at haphazard, underpaid, with strong inducements to do what they have done, should be right. But there is much more to be said. There are in evidence the preposterous dicta on which some of the more incautious Sub-Commissioners have publicly based their decisions. There is the fact that rents which tenants have paid for thirty, forty, and even sixty years, without experiencing any difficulty in "living" and thriving, have been reduced. There is the impossibility, conclusive to experts, of properly examining farms at such a period of the year in such time as the Sub-Commissioners have allowed themselves. When all these things are taken together—the wonderful unanimity of the reductions; the conflict with precedent evidence; the wild principles announced; the physical difficulty, to use the mildest word, of revaluation by bird's-eye view; the suspicious circumstances of not a few of the judges—only the extremest prejudice can admit the decisions arrived at as even possessing an appearance of fairness. It may be said that the hearing of appeals will decide the matter, inasmuch as, despite some perilously loose language at first, the Commissioners themselves, or at least the majority of them, appear to be guided by some knowledge of law and some sense of justice. But it is forgotten that in only a very few instances do the cases go in groups, so that the affirmation of one principle will settle many disputes. In most the question is a question of facts, the very facts which the Sub-Commissioners have decided on the spot with light heels and hearts. The Commissioners may, indeed, appoint responsible valuers, or may even transfer themselves to the spot; but all this means delay and expense. The expense will deter many half-ruined landlords, the delay will encourage many wavering tenants. Thus there is hardly a chance of the demoralization ceasing because one at least of its main exciting causes is likely to continue. Perhaps the best thing to be done (and it is most probable that it will be done) would be the bringing of the conduct of the Sub-Commissioners formally before Parliament as soon after its opening as possible, with abundant instances the collection of which will certainly not be difficult. It has been usual, and indeed natural, for Ministers to object to any criticism by pointing to the Court of Appeal. But the Court of Appeal is from the nature of the case unlikely, and indeed unable, to remedy the evil which the Courts

of First Instance are doing. It is the members of these Courts who are encouraging demoralization in Ireland; and while they go on as they have begun, that demoralization will continue.

#### FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. BLAINE'S despatches to the American Ministers at Lima and Santiago scarcely confirm the rumours to which they have given rise, though they contain one highly objectionable passage. The first of the series authorized Mr. CHRISTIANCY to recognize Señor CALDERON as President of Peru if he seemed likely to establish a constitutional Government. In the same despatch the SECRETARY of STATE recommended the Peruvians to accept unpalatable conditions of peace as more desirable than the continuance of foreign occupation. He further suggested the expediency of opening negotiations, if possible, before a preliminary cession of territory was demanded; but he added the declaration that the United States could not refuse to recognize the rights of Chili acquired by success in war. The victorious belligerent had on various occasions repeated the common form that the war was not one of conquest; but Mr. BLAINE had probably reasons for apprehending that a considerable cession of territory would be demanded. The first cause of quarrel was the interference of Bolivia with the private rights of certain Chilean citizens to mineral property in a district subject to Bolivian sovereignty. It soon afterwards appeared that the encroachment had been concerted with the Government of Peru, though the Peruvian Minister at Santiago was deliberately left in ignorance of the policy and engagements of his Government. In the contest which ensued, as in the Franco-German war of 1870, the wrongdoer was utterly defeated. After one or two combats the Peruvian fleet was taken or destroyed; and a Chilean army took possession of the hostile capital, which it has ever since retained. The Bolivians seem to have taken little part in the war which they had originally provoked; but probably the territory which had at first been the subject of dispute will be permanently annexed by the conqueror. In his despatches Mr. BLAINE only once mentions Bolivia, while he is anxious to prevent the infliction of unduly heavy penalties on Peru.

On the occupation of Lima President PIETOLA retired to the interior of the country. It is not known by what authority Señor CALDERON was appointed as his successor; but the American Minister, in the exercise of the discretion which had been allowed him, recognized his title. Mr. CHRISTIANCY was afterwards succeeded by Mr. HURLBUT, who apparently took a more active part in the dispute with Chili. Nothing in Mr. BLAINE'S instructions, as far as they have been published, justified his agent in declaring that the United States would refuse to recognize any compulsory cession of territory. On the contrary, the SECRETARY of STATE admitted that, in default of sufficient indemnities and guarantees, it might become a fair subject of consideration whether a cession of territory might not be exacted as the price of peace. A zealous subordinate perhaps wished to distinguish himself by assuming the protection of the weaker party; and he has consequently been severely censured, though his Government has not thought it necessary to recall him. The American Minister at Santiago, who has since died, was also reproved for undue zeal in the opposite cause to that which Mr. HURLBUT supported. Mr. HURLBUT'S intimation that the Chilean Government must forego the rights acquired by conquest was answered by the arrest of President CALDERON, who was sent as a prisoner to Santiago. Although no Republic in South America is likely to dispute the influence of the United States, the Government of Chili may probably have wished to assert its own independence. The American Government has no means of enforcing immediate obedience to its demands, as the coasts of Chili and Peru are out of reach of its land forces, and as it has no ironclad squadron at its disposal. It may be added that, except in one or two ambiguous phrases, Mr. BLAINE uses the language rather of friendly advice than of dictation. A friendly Power cannot be blamed for reminding a successful belligerent that "nothing is more difficult and dangerous than a forced" "transfer of territory carrying with it an indignant and" "hostile population." Similar warnings would perhaps have been addressed to Prince BISMARCK after the surren-



der of Paris, if there had been any permanent Power in Europe which could venture to address the German Government in a tone of superiority.

In a communication to the Chilean Government through the American Minister at Santiago, the SECRETARY of STATE makes the curious remark that the completeness of the Chilean victory renders diplomatic discussion impossible. He probably means to say that, with a view to the conclusion of a permanent peace, the victorious combatant would do well to facilitate the establishment in Peru of a regular Government with which it could negotiate. In the absence of accurate local knowledge, it is impossible to judge whether the annexation of any part of Peru would be advantageous to Chili. If such an acquisition were recommended by reasons of convenience, there would perhaps be little danger of arousing patriotic resentment on the part of the population which might be transferred. The former Spanish Vice-Royalties, now formed into separate Republics, can scarcely have acquired the susceptibilities of States which have enjoyed an ancient independence. They all speak the same language and profess the same religion; and in many parts of the continent, since the date of liberation, States and provinces have been repeatedly divided and reunited. For some reason which is not generally understood, Chili has been more respectable and more prosperous than the neighbouring Republics; and its superiority has been conclusively established by the result of the present war. The South American States have sometimes recognized a kind of common patriotism, as when Chili and Peru jointly resisted the attempt of Spain during the Ministry of Marshal O'DONNELL to interfere with their independence. It is not known whether Chili has any partisans in Peru. Unless the bulk of the population is inclined to transfer its allegiance, the scheme of a permanent occupation of the conquered territory seems, as Mr. BLAINE justly says, to be inexpedient. It may perhaps be difficult to take security for any indemnity which might be stipulated between the parties. There is some force in Mr. BLAINE's contention that the first condition of peace is the institution of a regular and responsible Government. The added condition that it must also be constitutional is conventional and harmless. All South American Governments, since the overthrow of the despotism of LOPEZ in Paraguay, have been nominally constitutional. They are in reality for the most part administered by military adventurers under some transparent pretence of free election. If peace is made with any Peruvian President, it is important that he should be able to control his ostensible constituents.

A diplomatic despatch issued by the Government of the United States would seem to be incomplete if it were not decorated with some kind of defiance to the European Powers, which generally, though not always, are represented for the purpose by England. The peroration of Mr. BLAINE's despatch to the American Minister at Santiago is framed in accordance with established precedent. He thinks it necessary to consider how far the benevolent interposition of the United States "might be affected, and a more active interposition forced upon it [the "American Government], by any attempted complications "with European politics." There is no reason to suppose that Spain meditates any renewal of the injudicious enterprise of O'DONNELL; and it is difficult to imagine any other complication of the war between Chili and Peru with European politics. Mr. BLAINE's apprehensions more probably point to England, which has more important relations than those of Spain with the western coast of South America, as with other commercial regions. Both ordinary trade and the interests of English bondholders are injuriously affected by the present war; and the English Government would be fully justified in using any influence which it might possess to promote a peaceful settlement of the dispute. It is probable that the commercial relations of England with Chili and Peru are more considerable than those of the United States; and mediation or the employment of friendly offices could involve no complication with European politics. The pretension of exercising an exclusive control over the Republics of the Western hemisphere has never been conceded by England, nor, indeed, by any foreign Power. If the Government of the United States can induce the combatants to make peace, the result will be acceptable to England; but the same object would be equally welcome if it were attained by other means. It seems probable

that, since the arrest of President CALDERON, more active steps have been taken towards a reconciliation between Chili and Peru. Two special agents have been sent to assist or supersede the resident Ministers, and one of the new envoys is son of the SECRETARY of STATE. It might therefore have been conjectured that Mr. BLAINE hoped to effect a settlement before his own retirement from office, though the Chilean Government would perhaps not pay extraordinary deference to an outgoing Minister; but Mr. BLAINE has resigned without waiting to learn the result of his mission. His successor, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, will not formally retract any pretensions which may have been advanced by Mr. BLAINE; but it is possible that Mr. ARTHUR's policy may not be identical with that of Mr. GARFIELD.

#### PROTECTION IN GERMANY.

A PAMPHLET has been lately published at Berlin to which the English Board of Trade has accorded the unusual honour of publication in an abridged form as a Parliamentary paper. The authors of this pamphlet are clearly among those who are not without honour save in their own country. The one person who will not be impressed by their arguments is Prince BISMARCK. The high *à priori* reasoning in which the CHANCELLOR delights soars far above the tedious corrections supplied by facts and figures. He will not think the worse of his protective policy because the result from the first year's experience of its working has been to draw from an immense majority of the German Chambers of Commerce the most positive condemnation of the new tariff. The defenders of this tariff claim for it that it has been beneficial to German trade generally, and especially beneficial to certain trades of exceptional importance. In the preface to this pamphlet both these statements are denied. If there were any trace of trade improvement, whether general or particular, it would show itself in the annual Reports of the Chambers of Commerce. But, according to the greater part of these Reports, the improvement which was undoubtedly visible during part of the year 1880 was merely a phase of the revival of trade in all countries. This is shown by the fact that the improvement was greatest in the first six months of the year, when the action of the new tariff was modified by previous importations hurried forward to escape the impending duties. It was not until the second half of the year, when the supply of these exceptional imports was exhausted, that the results of Protection could be properly appreciated. Taking Germany as a whole, the general complaint is that in these second six months, when the remedy applied by Prince BISMARCK had really begun its beneficent work, the state of trade was far worse than it had been in the former part of the year. The truth is that Prince BISMARCK has not been able to make his protective policy sufficiently thoroughgoing. If it had been possible to protect all trades, he might at all events have had the whole of the producers on his side. As it is, he finds that the great majority of the producers are included among the injured consumers. The ironmasters, no doubt, declare that without the new duties they would have been worse off than they actually are. It may be noted, by the way, that this is the highest praise which the new tariff gets from any quarter. Nobody is any the better for it; only a few traders think that their present wretched condition would have been still more wretched without it. But then the numerous trades which have to buy iron, instead of selling it, tell a different story. They describe themselves as simply sacrificed to make the ironmasters richer. They are forced to pay high prices for native machinery, because foreign machinery is subjected to a prohibitive duty. In Germany, as elsewhere, there are many trades which are only able to undersell the foreigner in the home market if they have the benefit of free importation of cheap material and cheap machinery. Prince BISMARCK takes this indispensable advantage away from them, and in its place offers them a protective duty on their own goods. If he could compel the home consumer to buy these goods, the traders might be no losers by the exchange. As it is, however, the CHANCELLOR has merely given them a choice between two forms of ruin. They may either tack the duty on to their goods and see them remain on their hands, or they may go on selling them at the old prices, and see the whole of their profits

go to the Government in the form of duty. Either way there is nothing but ruin before them; and, in view of this prospect, they are not very ready to admit that the new policy has been a blessing to Germany because it has increased the profits of certain joint-stock Companies in the iron trade, or enabled the owners of coal-mines to employ more workmen and drive a brisker business.

This review of the present condition of German trade forms the preface to a series of extracts from the Reports of the German Chambers of Commerce for the year 1880. The Berlin Report speaks hopefully of what is to happen by and by, but it admits that as yet the expectations based on the new tariff have been signally disappointed. Protection, the Chamber declares, can only be beneficial when there is abundance of enterprise on the part of home manufacturers, which seems a little like saying that a wooden leg is of no value to a man who has got the full use of his limbs. In the other towns of Brandenburg, where the manufacture of cloth and linen are the chief industries, the future and the present are regarded as alike gloomy. These industries can only live by a cheap supply of raw material, and of this the new tariff has deprived them. West Prussia dislikes Prince BISMARCK's policy heartily, as a province which depends for its prosperity upon its trade with Russia might be expected to do. The grain and timber trades seem to have suffered above all others. One Chamber reports that the immediate effect of the new tariff has been to pauperize the population. Another describes the existing trade depression as the necessary result of the new commercial regulations. From Westphalia and Rhenish Prussia we learn that a home demand, "the necessary factor" which can alone improve the local industries, is still wanting; and even the towns which declare themselves friendly to the new policy admit that prices were never so low as they were when the Report was written. Protection and low prices is a combination hitherto unheard of; and it is not one which is likely to recommend the policy which has created it. Conspicuous prosperity on the part of a few selected trades may blind the public to the low estate to which the rest have been reduced; but, when the trades for whose benefit the others have been ruined themselves complain that they were never so badly off as now, there is not much chance that the tariff which causes one of these results, while it leaves the other unremedied, will become generally popular. From Munich the same mixed cry comes up. The leather and paper trades are among the protected industries; but they only complain that they are not protected enough. The other trades are as much hampered as their Northern fellow-countrymen by the necessity of paying exorbitant prices for the raw material of their industries. Passau, in Southern Bavaria, is an exception to the general rule; since its Chamber expresses the utmost wonder that any one can be found to oppose the patriotic measures of "our unselfish, CHANCELLOR." In spite of these measures, however, trade, even in Passau, is described as "deplorably stagnant."

The best testimony that can be brought forward to the truth and pertinence of this pamphlet is the effect which it has had upon Prince BISMARCK. The CHANCELLOR of the German Empire is also Minister of Commerce for the Prussian Kingdom. When he first became so, some curiosity was felt as to the motives which had induced him to take upon himself this comparatively subordinate office; now the wonder is explained. Prince BISMARCK became Minister of Commerce in order to exercise a moral censorship on the Prussian Chambers of Commerce. What Prince BISMARCK most deprecates in these bodies is prejudice, and the language of their Reports upon the new tariff has convinced him that many of them are not free from prejudice. Instead of giving independent judgments in favour of Protection, they have allowed themselves to give biased judgments against it. The PRINCE has already caused some of the worst sinners to be reprimanded for what they have done, and in future care is to be taken to withhold from them the opportunity of offending in like manner again. The sittings of the Chambers of Commerce are henceforward to be public, so that their ill-disposed members need not hope to be able to conceal their want of patriotism from the local authorities or from the central Government. Every man will speak as in the presence of Prince BISMARCK himself, and this of itself will greatly help a rash speaker to bridle his tongue, when that unruly member may so easily do him harm. If this is not check enough upon the mischievous independence of the

Chambers of Commerce, a still more effectual one will be found in the new regulation which compels them to submit their Reports to the Government before publishing them, so that the Government may amend them if necessary. There will be no more such pamphlets as that which has suggested these remarks. The Reports of the Chambers of Commerce for 1881 will show a beautiful unanimity in favour of the new tariff, unless it has pleased Prince BISMARCK in his inscrutable wisdom to replace it before then by a newer tariff still.

#### LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

THE Annual Report of the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture shows that landlords and tenants are still capable of acting together for the defence and promotion of their common interests. It would be strange if the most important of all industries were incapable of the organization which is employed by other traders. Chambers of Commerce are not divided into hostile sections of wholesale and retail dealers. The Farmers' Alliance has, for the first time in England, set the example of association for the avowed purpose of plunder to be effected by political agitation. The Chambers of Agriculture are engaged in the more legitimate enterprise of watching and modifying legislation which may injuriously affect either owners or occupiers. The tenant-farmers, who probably form a large majority of the whole body, have apparently not been persuaded by Liberal orators that they have no concern with the distribution of local and general taxes. Mr. GLADSTONE lately informed them that the landlords alone would profit by a reduction of rates; and that the relief of a class of the community which is generally opposed to the present Government would be equivalent to the process of quartering the owners on the Exchequer. The blinding tendency of party hatred has never been more curiously exemplified. On the same principle every trader and every taxpayer who is relieved from an unjust burden becomes a public pensioner; but the fallacy of the proposition is not exhausted by an exposure of its wilful injustice. It is not strictly or universally true that in all circumstances local taxation is imposed on owners. New rates and additions to old rates fall upon the occupier, as in the instance of the heavy charge for the maintenance of Board schools. In spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's assertion, the tenant-farmers in all parts of the country complain of the present incidence of local taxation. The increase of fifty per cent. in ten or twelve years must to a great extent have fallen on the occupier. Even the Farmers' Alliance would welcome present relief, until it has transferred the entire burden of taxation to owners, retaining for tenants the exclusive control of expenditure.

It was already known that the Council had rejected by a large majority a motion in favour of imposing duties on articles of food and manufacture imported from countries which imposed protective duties on English produce. The issue of fair-trade could not be more directly raised; and those who supported the motion can scarcely be blamed. Nearly all foreign writers and speakers on economic subjects take for granted the doctrines which were supported by the minority of the Council of Agriculture. If it is once assumed that the importation of cheap produce is a sacrifice on the part of the purchaser, it follows that the expediency of retaliation depends on special circumstances. It is probable that some of those who voted against the motion may have thought that retaliatory duties would be rather impracticable than undesirable. Imperfect acquaintance with economic principles is not incompatible with political good sense. The Council probably knew that it was impossible to resuscitate the extinct Corn Laws, even in a modified form; and farmers could have no motive for protecting manufacturers against foreign competition. The list of the Council includes the names of some starchy and honest protectionists, who still resent the triumph of the Corn Law League; but the decision of the whole body contrasts favourably with the language used by some ill-informed and imprudent members of Parliament. The object of a paragraph in the Report on the renewal of the French Commercial Treaty is not at first sight obvious; but sheep-farmers have an interest in the French duties on woollen yarns and goods, as far as they supply the raw material for the manufacturer. The Council also refers



to the indirect injury to agriculture which may be caused by an increase of protective duties in France; but any interest which farmers may have in the pending negotiations will be sufficiently represented by the traders who are more immediately concerned, and by the Chambers of Commerce. An attempt was made at the instance of one of the provincial Chambers to protest against the disuse in certain fabrics of home-grown wool; but effectual interference with the caprices of fashion is beyond the power of any Association. Some years since the trade of Coventry was almost destroyed by a change in the form of bonnets which suddenly checked the demand for ribbons. If ladies prefer any other material to home-grown wool, they will wholly disregard the interests of flock-masters. The PRINCESS OF WALES was well advised in declining an invitation to give direct encouragement to native industry.

The Council naturally approves of the notion of Sir MASSEY LOPES for the appointment of a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. The Government has accepted the proposal, and sooner or later a change will probably be made in the title of the President of the Board of Trade. It will be neither necessary nor convenient to attempt any corresponding alteration of his functions, unless the superintendence of measures for the prevention of animal disease should be transferred from the Vice-President of the Privy Council to the rechristened Ministry. As the Council of Agriculture expresses its satisfaction with the precautions lately taken by the Privy Council, the reasons for changing the mode of administration appear not to be immediately urgent. It is not easy to discover any other function which could be usefully undertaken by a Minister of Agriculture. The collection of statistics can scarcely require a superintendent with a seat in the Cabinet, especially as the Council acknowledges with gratitude a recent undertaking of the Foreign Office to furnish it with early copies of all important information relating to foreign agriculture. If the number of Cabinet Ministers is not increased, there seems to be no objection to the creation of a title which will perhaps satisfy landowners and farmers that their interests are duly considered by the Government. With a laudable desire to promote the interests of agriculture, the Council has recommended the Universities to establish agricultural professorships, and it acknowledges certain steps which have been taken by the Government to promote scientific instruction. The suggestion that agricultural chairs should be instituted at Oxford and Cambridge seems to deserve attention; but it is not known that either the Commissioners or the University authorities have taken the subject into consideration.

The Council approves of the principles of the Bills providing for compensation to tenants which were respectively introduced by Sir THOMAS ACLAND and Mr. CHAPLIN. A preference is expressed for Mr. CHAPLIN'S Bill, which was founded on the Lincolnshire custom. It is undoubtedly just "that every tenant on quitting his holding shall be compensated by law, by custom, or by agreement"; but the landlord may, through careless or sentimental legislation, be exposed to great injustice through partial valuations. A scale of payment for artificial manures applied to the land within a certain time before the end of the term may be fairly fixed, and the expenditure of the tenant may be proved by proper vouchers. A general valuation would often result in a charge for improvements which had never been effected. In many cases the outgoing tenant leaves the farm in a dilapidated condition, for which the landlord seldom receives compensation. It has lately been stated, on good authority, that in districts where the local custom provides for compensation the rights of the landlord are habitually disregarded. It is satisfactory to find that an agricultural association can deal with the question in a moderate spirit, and without any suggestion of robbery. The Farmers' Alliance insists on compensation mainly for the purpose of laying a foundation for the acquisition without purchase of a tenant-right. The Council deals in the same temperate manner with the question of distress for rent. The proposal that the landlord's power to distress should be limited to two years is reasonable or plausible; and it is just that hired machinery should be exempt from distress; and perhaps that a similar privilege should be allowed to agisted stock. The cases in which the occupier would deliberately abstain from keeping any stock of his own would probably not be numerous. It would be tedious to enumerate all the questions affecting the interests of agriculture with which the Council deals in the Report.

In all cases its objects are evidently practical, and from the beginning to the end of the Report there is no trace of political partisanship. If Mr. GLADSTONE should condescend to read the document, he will probably despise the sordid, unfeeling, and spiritless tenants whom "no sense of wrong can urge to vengeance"; but perhaps they may be forgiven by less zealous philanthropists for attending to their own business, for considering how existing grievances may be remedied, and even for remonstrating against what they regard as an unjust incidence of taxation.

#### THE CANONBURY ACCIDENT.

THE official inquiry into the Canonbury accident has almost necessarily—at least up to this time—taken the form which is of least interest to the public at large. Two Companies are concerned in the large compensations which will probably have to be paid in connexion with it, and the proximate cause of the accident seems to have been either the directions given by a signalman belonging to one Company or the interpretation affixed to these directions by a signalman belonging to another Company. The incidence of blame as between the two signalmen will determine in a great degree the incidence of compensation as between the two Companies, and a great deal of the evidence is naturally directed to shift this burden from one servant to the other. This is not a point about which it is worth while for the public to concern themselves. What really touches that large class of persons who are compelled to travel every day by railway in order to get from their homes to their business and from their business back again to their homes is the state of things which this accident discloses as always existing on the North London, and possibly on other suburban lines which have a similar pressure on their resources. That state of things is this. An enormous number of passengers have to be brought into London every morning within very narrow limits as regards time. To meet this necessity trains are run at intervals of about three minutes. If the driver of a train could see far enough ahead, he might go slowly enough to be able to pull up in the event of the train in front of him coming to a stand. But these lines are not constructed so as to give drivers this advantage. They have many curves, many cross rails, and, in the case of the North London Railway at the point where the accident happened, a very awkwardly placed tunnel. Consequently the driver has no means of correcting or supplementing the information given him by the signals. He must walk by faith, not by sight. Everything, therefore, depends on the character of the system by which this indispensable information is conveyed to him, and what that character is at Canonbury the evidence taken at the inquiry has sufficiently shown. The movements of the trains are guided by a signalman placed at each end of the tunnel—one in the service of the Great Northern Company, the other in the service of the North London Company. These men have been trained in different codes, and either of them may consequently speak a language which the other can only interpret by constant reference to his dictionary. These are what may be called the special conditions which brought about the accident, and it is hard to understand how the Companies can have hoped that under these conditions an accident could long be avoided. To unlearned persons it would seem a matter of absolute necessity that where two Companies use the same lines and the same signals, the method on which these signals are worked should be the same. Even if the servants of the two Companies are equally well trained in both methods, the having to change from one to the other according to which the next signalman chooses to employ would be an unfortunate addition to labours which are already more than sufficiently exhausting. But it is plain that the servants of the two Companies are not equally well trained in the use of both methods. In this particular case one signalman had to refer to the code before he could satisfy himself what a signal meant, and when a reference of this kind has to be made with trains coming on every two or three minutes, and with signals having to be asked for, acknowledged, and given every minute, it is easy to see how likely the explanation in the code is to be misinterpreted. This is the first lesson of this accident. The code of signals of two Companies which use the same line for any part of

their system should be the same for both. Nothing short of this can give the requisite certainty that a man who only knows one code perfectly will not find himself in a box where he is expected to know both.

The second obvious warning conveyed by the Canonbury disaster is the impossibility of placing entire confidence in human agency in the matter of signalling. It is true, no doubt, that even machinery may get out of order. But it is much easier to detect a fault in machinery than it is to detect it in human beings. A signalman may be ill, or drunk, or tired, or absorbed by some private trouble, and nobody may know it. But, if an accident happens to machinery, and an arm does not work, or a lamp change its colour at the right moment, there are many eyes likely to take note of it. The great advantage, however, of mechanical over human agency in the matter of signalling is that, so long as it is in working order, no accident can happen, provided only the most ordinary caution is taken by the drivers of the trains. Even in the simplest form of this mechanical agency the increase in security is very great. Supposing, for example, that the first of the trains which came into collision at Canonbury had, by the mere fact of its passing over a particular point in the metals, set the signal at danger when it entered the tunnel, and that there had been no possibility of that signal being moved until the same train had moved over another point in the metals beyond the tunnel, there would have been no room for misunderstanding between the signalmen. So long as a train had been in the tunnel every following train must have remained outside it. There are other and more perfect forms of security to be found than this, but in railway travelling it is eminently true that the better is the enemy of the good. When there are several rival inventions in existence, it is only natural that a Company should wish to take the best, if it takes any. But the law ought not to allow it to abstain from taking any on the plea that it wishes to take the best. By all means let it exercise its choice between one invention and another; but the State has a right to insist that it shall be a choice between alternatives, not an impartial rejection of all of them. The work which has to be done by the signalmen on the North London line and on many suburban lines is of a kind that no man can be sure of doing without making a blunder some time or other. The cleverest performer will occasionally make a slip; and, where railway signals on a crowded suburban line are concerned, a slip may easily mean what it meant at Canonbury the other day.

There is a third precaution, which, though of inferior importance in itself, might, as it happens, have saved the lives and limbs of many persons last week. When the first train stopped in the tunnel, many of the passengers knew and dreaded the nature of the danger which was hanging over them. If they all had been able to get out of the train and walk along the line in front of it, they would have escaped the collision. No train could have overtaken them on the up line except the one out of which they had got, and the driver of this train would have known that his passengers were in front of him, and would have been able to come on with proper care to avoid running over them. But the total darkness, which is the normal condition even of suburban tunnels, prevented many of the passengers from doing this. If the tunnel had been lighted, those travelling in the first train would have been almost as free from danger as if the delay had taken place outside the tunnel. As it was, they were in darkness, and consequently unable to leave their carriages. In the abstract, indeed, it may not be desirable to have railway travellers scattered over a tunnel through which trains are passing every two or three minutes; but, at all events, it is better than having them shut up in a train into which other trains are running every two or three minutes. It is true that the precaution of lighting the tunnel would only have saved the passengers in the first train; but it is something to lessen the dimensions of an accident if it cannot be altogether prevented.

It is well, perhaps, that this loss of life should have happened in London rather than elsewhere, for the simple reason that attention is the more likely to be paid to the causes to which it is due, and to the means by which they may be removed. Nowhere are there so many persons interested in the safety of railway travelling as in London, and of these the great majority are especially in-

terested in railway travelling on suburban lines. It is to be hoped that the Board of Trade will not neglect the opportunity which is thus afforded it.

#### A DAY CENSUS OF THE CITY.

THE object of the Imperial Census is to ascertain the population of the United Kingdom at a given date. For this purpose an account is taken of the number of people sleeping in each locality during the night which is selected as the basis of the Census. In this way the proposed object is attained with as much accuracy as is possible, and with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes. So long as each man, woman, and child is registered in some locality, and not in more than one, it is wholly immaterial how it happens that the person registered has come to sleep in the locality where he is enumerated as having slept. If he sleeps at Croydon, he is registered there as a unit of the population, without any reference to what he did in the daytime before he went to bed. If the Census is used for other purposes than that which it was intended to serve, it is naturally misleading, although, strictly speaking, it is not the Census that misleads, but the ignorance of those who misapply it. It may, for example, be used as a guide to the total permanent population of any one locality. But before it can be so used, those who seek to use it must place before their minds the question which the Census cannot possibly answer for them, what it is that they mean by population, and what are the special circumstances of the locality. If they want to know how many people find something to do in the locality within any period of twenty-four hours, they must have a singular capacity for being misled if they think that they can find out what they want by merely ascertaining how many people slept there on any given night. Even the schoolboy of real life, who may be taken as a fair average representative of human perception, would be able to tell them that everything depended on the peculiar character of the locality. In a country parish where the farms happened to be all in the parish, and the labour of the parish sufficed for its wants, the number of persons sleeping in the parish might correspond almost exactly with the number of persons who had been in the parish within twenty-four hours. In a large town into which thousands of persons crowd during the daytime for business or pleasure from the suburbs or the country, the number of persons sleeping in the town would be no kind of guide to the number present in the town during a space of twenty-four hours. The authorities seem, however, to have discovered, or to apprehend, that there are people in England more stupid than the most stupid schoolboy. These people are taken to be misled by the Census, and to be capable of judging the day population of the City, into which it is notorious that hundreds of thousands come from morning to evening, by the night population of the City, in which it is notorious that very few persons sleep. These unhappy calculators will, it may be hoped, have their error corrected by the very elaborate Report which the City authorities have published. The larger number of readers of the Report will find in it, not so much a safeguard against error, as a repertory of most valuable and interesting facts as to the daily incomers, the vehicles used, the buildings and the wealth of the City. Everybody knows that enormous numbers come daily into the City, that those engaged on business find numerous tenements to shelter them, and that the wealth of those who do business in the City is very great. But few who read this Report will previously have had any accurate conception as to how many hundreds of thousands come in daily, how extensive is the accommodation for business purposes, and how gigantic is the wealth of those who do business in the City.

The number of persons who slept within the City boundaries on the night of April 4 was 50,526. For the purposes of a general Census nothing more was required to be known. But the City authorities wished to know something more. They wished to know how many persons on a given day were employed in or were on some City premises; and, by a calculation which very great pains were taken to make exhaustive, it was found that the total number was 261,061 persons. Of this number, there were over 50,000 employers and over 162,000 employed, and the balance was made up of children and of persons in charge



of the premises. If the population of the City is to be taken as that which gives or finds employment there, the size of this population is brought home to us when the framers of the Report remind us that this population is greater than the population of no fewer than sixteen English counties, and places the City sixth in the list according to population of English Parliamentary boroughs. The Committee of the Corporation next proceeded to ascertain how many people come into the City on a day, and for this purpose they stationed two policemen at each of the sixty entrances, including railway stations, by which the City is approached, and they found that the total amount was as nearly as possible 800,000, and that about 70,000 vehicles were employed. This is certainly one of the most curious and astonishing results that is offered us, and it may be remarked that nothing could testify in a more striking manner to the efficiency of the City police than that this vast tide of human beings and vehicles should roll on hour after hour without hindrance or confusion. The police administration of the City is as nearly perfect in every detail as anything human can be, and among other things it deserves to be recognized with gratitude that in the vast expanse of London mud the City offers an oasis where the streets are always clean and the roadway always in good order. The vastness of the increase of the business of the City is also illustrated by the fact that a similar calculation as to the number of employers and employed was made sixteen years ago, and that 90,000 is the increase that is now found to exist. Most of the business premises of London are let in flats; and thus, while the total number of inhabited houses is about 6,000, the number of distinct premises used for business is four times as great, and it is thus shown that on an average about ten persons find occupation in each of these premises. The rateable value of the City is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions, or not far from double of that of any other metropolitan district, the next to it being the district of St. George's, Hanover Square, where the rateable value is almost exactly 2 millions. The net profits on which Income-tax is paid in the City nearly reach the enormous figure of 40 millions, out of a total of 80 millions returned by all the divisions of the metropolis. Half the wealth of London may be said, therefore, to be concentrated in the narrow boundaries of the City; and this is perhaps not very astonishing when it is remembered that the City represents in some degree the wealth not so much of London as of the world.

The Committee state that they have studiously avoided expressing any opinion on the various plans which have been propounded for extending the area of the City, or for incorporating with it or by themselves outlying portions of the metropolis, as these matters do not come within their province. But it is obvious that their Report is meant to have, and ought to have, an important bearing on the questions they do not discuss. It is because they are afraid that persons, misled by the Census, will think the City something small that they show the City to be very big. It is, in short, so big, so populated by employers and employed, so crowded by daily incomers, so rich in business premises, is assessed so highly, and pays such a vast amount of Income-tax, that it is entitled to stand alone, a sufficient centre of self-government without additions, and too important to be merged in a vast unwieldy body. If this is the point the Committee wish to prove, the figures they have collected go far to prove it. The unique eminence of the City, its noble historical traditions, the part it has played for centuries in the history of England, afford the most cogent reasons for keeping the City as it is, and not merging it in a Board governing the whole metropolis. Next in importance is the efficiency of the City administration. We know that one part of London is well administered, and we could never be sure that equal efficiency would be attained under a different system. There is at least as much chance that the rest of London would spoil the City, as that the City would improve the rest of London. But the Report of the Committee introduces another class of arguments which are certainly deserving of the most serious attention. English politicians of every school agree in praising and upholding local self-government; and it is as a glorious extension of local self-government that the proposal to unite all the metropolis under one administration is advocated. But there is a preliminary question that needs to be settled, and that is whether

local self-government may not be killed by being extended. Local self-government means that within a certain area men govern themselves in all matters which they have in common, because they meet within this area. The use of this kind of government is to gain experience in practical politics, to instil a habit of united action, and to offer a counteracting principle to the despotism of centralization. Within areas of a certain size, these valuable results may be obtained, but experience warrants the supposition that the areas of local self-government cannot be indefinitely increased. Those in the area would not manage their own affairs; for the affairs they would be supposed to manage would be too vast for them to understand; they would gain no habits of united action; they would not be self-governed, but would live under the despotism of a new centralization. It may, therefore, be reasonably contended that, when once an area of local self-government is sufficiently large, whether in size or in the importance of interests centred in it, to bring self-government to its maximum of efficiency, it ought not to be extended or merged; and the Report of the Committee may be taken to show conclusively that the City is an instance of an area of self-government which reaches the limits of what the area can be if its local self-government is to be efficient.

#### THE RECENT CANONIZATIONS.

THE grand ceremony of canonization celebrated at Rome last week in the Great Hall of the Basilica of St. Peter's was chiefly remarkable, as a ceremony, on two grounds. In the first place it was far the grandest pontifical function witnessed at the Vatican since 1870, and may so far be regarded as at least a partial abandonment of the imprisonment theory. The Pope for the first time, to quote the rather strange phrase of the *Times*, "exercised his Papal authority at a high altar, as his predecessors in St. Peter's have done." He was borne aloft on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, surrounded by the Noble Guard and attended by 33 Cardinals and 150 Archbishops and Bishops, and the prescribed ritual was observed in all its fulness, with the sound of the silver trumpets not heard since 1870. This new move was rendered the more noticeable from the pomp with which the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Holy See went to the Vatican to take part in the solemnity, and especially, we may add, under existing circumstances, from the presence and active concurrence of the French Ambassador. Not only did M. Desprez attend the ceremony, accompanied by the whole personnel of his staff in state carriages; he also gave a grand banquet on the occasion to the French prelates in Rome at the Colonna Palace, when in proposing the health of the Pope he pronounced an elaborate eulogy on the virtues of the episcopate and clergy of France. And this is the more noteworthy when we remember that M. Gambetta's organ the other day characterized one of the personages just canonized as "a dirty and incorrigible vagabond," and that M. Paul Bert has written to these very bishops censuring their neglect of the provision of the Concordat—never enforced of late years—which requires them to obtain permission of the Government before leaving their dioceses. The incongruity may serve to illustrate what we said the other day about Concordats being made between the Pope and the Government over the heads of the national episcopate, but that by the way. The second point calling for notice in the ceremony of canonization, besides its splendour and public and official character, was the entire absence of any such matter of provocation as had in some quarters been anticipated. That the Pope should make a lamentation at such a time over the unhappy condition in which the Holy See finds itself, and urge the duty of all good Catholics to rally round it, was natural enough. What is more important, and what indeed might have been expected from his known temper and antecedents, is that he did not verify the predictions of the *Diritto* by putting forward an assertion of his temporal power and fulminating excommunications against its assailants. The celebration cannot therefore be said, except in the indirect sense already suggested, to have had any political significance. Its religious meaning is likely of course to be very differently appreciated by various classes of thinkers within and without the Roman pale. There are many intermediate stages between the scornful sneer of the *République Française* at St. Labré as a dirty vagabond and the enthusiastic sympathy formally expressed by the French Ambassador and probably felt by many of his hearers. But few thoughtful persons are likely to treat the matter merely as a theme for ridicule. The idea which underlies canonization—whatever may be thought of that particular expression of it—is one closely connected with the doctrine of "the Communion of Saints," and has existed from a very early period in the Church, when the persecuted Christians were wont to collect and preserve with reverence and affection the remains of those who had suffered for their faith. And there appears, from what St. Jerome tells us, to have been, long before any regular practice of invocation was established, a prevalent belief that the souls of these martyrs hovered about the place where their bodies were laid and were there somehow brought

into contact with the living. Of the four persons canonized the other day there is little to say except that they were poor and humble individuals, more distinguished by their charity and self-denial than by any great service they can have rendered to the Church. And this is so far to the credit of those concerned, as there can hardly have been any interest of wealthy and influential patrons brought to bear on the Court of Rome in their favour. But the custom itself, of which so conspicuous an example was exhibited on that occasion, is one on which a few words will not be out of place.

The practice of honouring martyrs came, as has already been mentioned, very early into the Church, earlier probably than the cult of angels with which Milman connects it. The Saints being themselves human appealed more directly to human sympathies, and the doctrine of the Communion of Saints was held to imply some permanent and intimate relation between the faithful on earth and the faithful departed. It implied, as Milman puts it, the Church militant and the Church triumphant as forming but one polity, and implied that there was a real and living sympathy between the two. The departed were believed still to take an interest in their old friends and the affairs of their earthly home, and to exercise through their intercession a beneficent influence over them. And thus, as time went on, Saints were multiplied, until their separate claims might seem almost to be imperilled by their multiplicity. The Calendar was rapidly filled with fresh names till few days were left vacant, and some days were burdened with an accumulation of—we will not say rival but many—saints, who had to share their honours as best they could. East and West vied with each other in this process, the Greek menologies however being the more copious of the two, but few comparatively of the countless host of Eastern Saints obtained any direct recognition in the West, while the Orientals were content for the most part with their own. Nor was this all. Different countries and indeed cities had their special heroes and patrons. It has been said, with some exaggeration doubtless, that “in Germany alone each kingdom or principality, even every city, town, or village, had its own Saint.” “For at first popular admiration enjoyed for some time unchecked the privilege of canonization. A Saint was a Saint, as it were, by acclamation.” That was the beginning of canonization, though the name as yet did not exist, but gradually, as these local and other cults came to multiply beyond all measure, the Popes assumed to themselves the sole prerogative of advancing claimants to the successive ranks of Beatitude and Sanctity. The canonized Saints henceforth held no merely local or precarious dignity; they were presented in solemn Bulls and with rites of imposing splendour to the general homage of Christendom. And it was certainly time to impose some limit on popular or episcopal licence in this matter; if ever the vast undertaking of the Bollandists is completed it will comprise the histories of more than 25,000 Saints, and yet this only professes to be a selection of what is of Catholic rather than purely national interest. On the other hand, only 115 persons had been formally canonized by the Holy See before the reign of Pius IX. There are those, of course, like the Apostles, the early Martyrs, the four “great Doctors” respectively of East and West, and some other conspicuous Bishops, confessors and founders of Religious Orders who may be called the Saints of the universal Christian world. But down to the tenth century the popular voice, with the sanction of the Bishop, was held to be sufficient authority for conferring the honour; after that time the sanction of the Pope was required, though Bishops still for a time retained their initiative. The first recorded canonization, in the modern sense of the word, was that of Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg, raised to that honour by a Bull of John XV. in 993 at the request of Liutolf, his immediate successor in the See, who had however already established public veneration for him in his own diocese. Pope John explained in an Epistle that this usage was introduced in order that by honouring Martyrs and Confessors we may worship Him of whom they testified, and being conscious of our own imperfections seek the aid of their merits and prayers at the throne of God. But it was not till two centuries later that the prerogative was assigned exclusively to the Holy See by Constitutions first of Alexander III. and then of Innocent III. The canonization of St. Gaultier of Pontoise by the Archbishop of Rouen in 1153 is the latest example of such an act being accomplished by any lower authority. Innocent III. finally laid down that the decision of such matters appertained exclusively to the legitimate successor of St. Peter, being partly moved thereto by the scandal caused some thirty years before through the canonization of Charlemagne—rather a questionable Saint, in spite of his immense services to the Papacy—by the Anti-pope Paschal III., and the insertion of his name in some Gallican breviaries. The first canonization solemnized with anything like the present ritual pomp was that of St. Francis of Assisi in 1228. It was not till fifty years later that the regular process, since developed into a minute and searching investigation of the merits of each individual case, was first exemplified in the canonization of St. Raymond of Pennafort. The question of the infallibility of the Pontiff in these high official acts, long hotly debated between the ultramontane and the opposite school in the Roman Church, is still, we believe, a moot point. Its decision in the affirmative would hardly tend to facilitate the acceptance of the Vatican decrees.

A more interesting question, at least to outsiders, than any concerning the mere formalities of the official process, but one too wide to be more than glanced at here, is the rationale, so to call it, of the custom, the idea from which it sprang and to which it owes its

continued vitality. It is not enough to say that it grew theologically out of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. No usage, however consistent with received dogmas, would have attained anything like so widespread and permanent a hold on the popular mind that was not rooted in some deep instinct of human nature. Nor is the explanation far to seek. From age to age the methods of enrolling new Saints might vary, as again the method of electing Bishops varied, being left at one time to popular suffrage, and claimed at another for prelates or popes. But whatever might be the conditions of enrolment in this illustrious brotherhood, the fact remains that, as a modern writer expresses it, “for fourteen centuries the religious mind of the Catholic world threw them (the Saints) out as its form of hero-worship, as the heroic pattern of a form of human life which each Christian within his own limits was endeavouring to realize.” Neither indeed can the sentiment thus indicated be justly confined to the first fourteen centuries or to any one form of Christian belief. What works like Alban Butler’s *Lives of the Saints* are to Roman Catholics, religious memoirs and biographies and *Lives of Eminent Christians* have proved to the most anti-Roman section of Protestant. And the explanation in either case is at bottom substantially the same. If Protestants do not invoke Saints or erect their images over altars, they recognize not the less the practical value of great examples, and cherish a devout and reverential memory of the departed worthies of their own communion and creed. Neander, while commending the vigorous resistance of Rotherius, Bishop of Verona in the tenth century, to the sensuous and superstitious tendencies of his age and the insatiable craving for miracles, adds that he also discerned in the reaction against Saint-worship a dangerous “misapprehension or disregard of the Christian element, in the consciousness of the ennoblement of man’s nature by being raised to the fellowship of a Divine life, betraying some approach to an abstract Deism,” and that “in opposition to this tendency Rotherius, the antagonist of superstition, defended the worship of Saints.” The word worship is too strong for the passage quoted from Rotherius, vindicating a Latin hymn for All Saints Day, but it is not difficult certainly “to recognize in his obscure and awkward style the antagonism of a deeply-felt Christian theism to an abstract deism.” We only refer to it here as illustrating the agreement of religious minds of very diverse doctrinal tendencies as to the importance and benefit of dwelling on saintly examples. Man is a creature of imitation, and is sure to choose for himself models of some kind or other to emulate, whether criminals, heroes, or saints. It is to the religious application of this tendency in human nature that we owe both the Roman and the Protestant varieties of hagiology. Only what in the one case is mainly left to individual taste or preference was sure in a highly organized and dogmatic system to be sooner or later reduced to some authoritative standard. We may smile at the quaint ceremonies, dating from at least five centuries ago, reproduced the other day in the form of canonization at the Vatican—the silvered or gilded loaves and barrels of wine, the curiously wrought birdcages, containing doves, pigeons, and goldfinches, and “the five splendidly painted wax candles.” But the fundamental idea these strange devices are supposed to illustrate lies deeper than any differences of Christian or, indeed, theistic faith.

#### TO BE LET OR SOLD—AN EMPIRE.

COMMON fame, according to a well-known saying, is a common liar; and it is much to be hoped that this saying is true at the present moment. For there seems to be a general idea among the nations of the earth that the British Empire is to be let or sold in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers—no reasonable offer refused. We have not heard how the Gibraltar subscription is progressing in Spain; but plenty of new projects have been started elsewhere to keep it company. The most definite is the reported application of Germany for the cession of Heligoland. This, of course, like the cession of Gibraltar, is nothing new. Heligoland has always been an eyesore to those patriotic Englishmen who are never so much deserving of the name of John Bull as when they see the red spots dotted about a map of Europe or of the world. It is said that we never had any business with it; that we never used it, except as a smuggling depot—a familiar reproach, used also in respect of Gibraltar; that we ought to have given it back to Denmark at the Congress of Vienna. It is only a sandbank tied on to a rock; a kind of inferior Capri; or, to speak less appetizingly, a Flat Holm and Steep Holm combined in one island. A few sea-bathers, a few fishermen, a great many birds which knock themselves against the lantern of its tall lighthouse on their annual migration, and occasional adventurers who set up roulette tables, and are winked at till British justice and morality wake up and swoop upon them—these are the only beings living to whom Heligoland is of any interest. Besides, it costs something—nearly a thousand a year, we believe—and that is a serious matter; it would pay an extra Sub-commissioner in Ireland. Moreover, it irritates Germany, which is a more serious matter still. All these reasons have long inclined the moral British Radical to look at Heligoland with an unfavourable eye; and perhaps there is another which is stronger with him than all of them. Heligoland is a standing reminder of the period when England was not a *puissance qui commence à rendre*—was something



very different from such a *puissance*. So it is said, very likely on no particular authority, that Count Munster thinks there will be no difficulty about its cession. Why should there be? We are quite in the way of ceding, and Heligoland is such a little place that it will never be missed. It is possible, however, that there may be some people who will take note of certain things. One is that Heligoland has no sort of business to belong to Germany, even if we carry out the principle of the moral barrier so conscientiously as to cede the Channel Islands to France. Another is that the Heligoland is by no means likely to wish to exchange our easy yoke and light burden for Prince Bismarck's taskmastership. But there is a third of more importance than either of these. Germany is now a maritime Power, formidable in no slight degree; and a certain estuary called the Jahde and a certain port called Wilhelmshafen are the chief signs of that formidableness in an offensive sense. Now Heligoland, as a post of observation, commands the Jahde and Wilhelmshafen most completely. If it is English, and is united by cable to England, nothing could well stir from the modern Antwerp without being at once noticed and the news transmitted. This, of course, is the reason which makes Germany so anxious for it; and it need hardly be said that this is the reason why no sane English Government would let it go. There is, of course, no reason beyond newspaper gossip for believing that the present Government intends to let it go; but the rumour is proof positive of one thing, and that is that the present is thought to be a very convenient time for making offers, as they say in the exchange columns of ladies' newspapers. A kind of impression exists abroad that the outlying portions of the estate of John Bull may be had cheap by an enterprising speculator, and that possibly the opportunity may not recur.

The curious proceedings which seem to be going on in the Pacific are rather instructive commentaries on this general impression. It is true that the islands which French captains are reported to be annexing, after the fashion of an early discoverer, are not exactly British property. Many of them, however, have always considered themselves—especially since the French aggression on Tahiti—as under a kind of quasi-protectorate on our part, and the reported action of the French is in manner particularly cool. The natives are told to send their produce in future to Tahiti instead of to Auckland. As scandal asserts that very little of the trade of Tahiti itself is in French hands, the proceeding may not in the long run be calculated to send up the total returns of French trade very appreciably; but the intention is everything. However, the mere annexation itself, which seems to be only in a state of menace, is not so interesting as the conditions under which political gossip says that it is being carried on. Generally speaking, nothing can be so much wished as that European nations, no matter of what flag, would have the goodness to let the islands of Polynesia alone. We certainly have made a start over all other nations, except Spain, in our government of Fiji, which contrasts satisfactorily with the desolation brought by the French on the Marquesas. But we cannot be said to have, on the whole, conferred a benefactor on the islands in the person of Captain Cook. However, it is too late to make moan over this. The point of interest is that the few dozen islands which are to receive the blessings of the tricolour, and share in the East with Tunis in the West the glory of exhibiting the first fruits of the revived energy of France, are said—doubtless quite falsely—by the aforesaid gossip to have been the subject of a bargain between the English and French Foreign Offices. Absurd pretensions have been recently made by France, not merely to fishing rights, but to a kind of sovereignty over part of Newfoundland. These pretensions are, say the quidnuncs, to be abandoned on condition of Lord Granville's winking at the absorption of Raiatea and its neighbours into the dominions of the French Republic. The bargain is in itself a strictly equitable one; for it consists in the exchange of non-existent commodities. France has no rights in Newfoundland to surrender, and England has no property in the Society Islands to give. "Give me of what thou hast, and I will give thee of what I have," has been said to be the foundation principle and simplest term of trade all over the world and in all ages. But "Give me of what thou hast not, and I will give thee of what I have not," is a new and very interesting general principle. Perhaps it may be said to be the first principle of credit? It is not, however, easy to conceive any Government which retained the slightest respect for itself compromising a question affecting its own sovereign rights by the abandonment of independent communities who owe it no allegiance, but who trust in it for protection. No doubt the English Government has done nothing of the sort. But, as before, the rumour is at least sufficient evidence that somebody thinks it not impossible that it should do such a thing. So the Gibraltar subscription was, no doubt, a "flam," and the serene confidence of Count Munster in the approaching generalization of a *canard*, just as the French admiral and captains who go about planting tricolours and diverting the course of trade are perhaps creatures of the imagination, and certainly are mistaken in their views of Lord Granville's probable conduct. But all these idle suggestions remain as evidence of the ideas entertained by Spaniards and Germans and Frenchmen of the attitude of the present Government of England towards the great Empire of which it is the temporary steward. In this sense the much-abused axiom, that there is no smoke without fire, can certainly be affirmed without outraging reason or morality.

The next question to be asked is, whether these benighted foreigners may not possibly have some excuse for their outrageous

credulity? Nothing has been more edifying than the extreme delight shown by English Radicals at the language of the Duke de Broglie and M. Gambetta about the Transvaal. Almost are they persuaded to bless the Duke, who used to rank a little above Lord Beaconsfield in their estimation; while to see Mr. Gladstone *laudari a laudato* has made them very nearly weep with joy. That Mr. Gladstone was only a stick in the Duke de Broglie's hand to beat M. Gambetta with, and that M. Gambetta could only avoid the beating by gracefully extracting the wand from his adversary's fist, and flourishing it himself, does not seem to have occurred to them. But it may be fully granted that Frenchmen and Germans, and all other Europeans—not Europeans only, it is to be feared—have quite mastered the lesson of the Transvaal. Mr. Gladstone, they know, entered on his Government with contemptuous descriptions of this small little island, and gloomy shakings of the head over the load of foreign possession it had to bear. What more natural than that, as a wise and consistent statesman, he should make the god Terminus step backward? If the word is "scuttle," even when nothing is to be got by scuttling and much lost, how much more should it be so when not much is to be lost and something to be got? Such is the logic of the benighted foreigner. He sees in Afghanistan and the Transvaal simply the announcement which stands at the head of this article, and, like an honest and business-like person, he puts money in his purse and makes his bid for the various pieces of accommodation land which happen to suit him. Fortunately, the present Cabinet is composed of excellent men of business, and they know as well as Messrs. Puttick and Simpson when they have to sell a big library, that it does not do to fling too much on the market at once. In the very size of the British Empire there is therefore safety, and it is possible that some small fragments of it may, after all, go down to our sons either from sheer want of buyers, or because the sellers have not had time to sell to their liking. It takes a great deal of energy to squander completely the work of so many centuries. This is the chief comfort, but there are also others. It is doubtful after all whether a mere sale—a "trade" on even terms—has the peculiar attraction which Mr. Gladstone demands in these transactions. There is nothing in connexion with Heligoland, or Gibraltar, or the Pacific to give the thing the relish added by Majuba and Maiwand. In some of these cases, it is true, there are other relishes of a not dissimilar kind, but still the kind is not the same. On the whole, therefore, until official intelligence confirms the rumours, it will be well to disbelieve them all. Let us all be happy in the thought that the Heligoland fishermen will still be looked down upon by the Union Jack, instead of the black, white, and red ensign; and quite sure that Lord Granville would never think of abandoning the interesting Polynesian who trusts in him. If it is a difficulty for anybody to be jolly under these encouraging circumstances, he can remember that, at any rate, all Europe thinks his present governors perfectly capable of the various dubious acts attributed to them whether they are or not. That is a very pleasant reflection, and calculated to console the despondent. Wrongful suspicions directed towards the Ministers of other countries usually suspect them of wishing to do good to those countries in some irregular way. Could there possibly be a greater triumph for British eccentricity and originality than that similar suspicions, when directed towards an English Ministry, imply that it is ready at any moment to do its country harm?

#### FIRES IN THEATRES.

STATISTICS show that the chances of a theatre being burnt down while spectators are in it are extremely small. Although theatres have so often been consumed by fire that burning is frequently spoken of as their natural end, very few have been the cases of destruction by fire when spectators were in the house. Indeed, it is abundantly clear that at one time, such a contingency was looked upon by builders and architects as too remote to be worth taking into account; and unfortunately their views, which were necessarily interested, seem to have been shared by those in authority, whose only interest in the matter was interest in the safety of the public. The Lord Chamberlain possesses over metropolitan playhouses an anomalous jurisdiction more despotic than anything else known to the English law. Until a recent date it rested with him only to decide whether proper precautions against fire were habitually taken in theatres, and to decide whether a new theatre should be opened or not; he could make any requisitions he thought fit, and from his absolute decision there was no appeal. How successive Lord Chamberlains and their officials have used the wide powers given to them on behalf of the public is well known. For long the inspection by the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates must have been a farce at which theatrical people laughed without more than a theatrical aside. Mr. Ponsonby Fane, when giving evidence on the subject, stated with refreshing candour that the Lord Chamberlain did not feel it his duty to interfere when theatres were "safe under ordinary circumstances," and added that the Court potentate had no power "to enforce the requirements" which he thought necessary, "except by taking the extreme step of refusing a licence," and that in no instance had this been done. In other words, the Lord Chamberlain had real power in his hands, but would not use it. There was, indeed, some sort of annual inspection of theatres; and, when a new theatre was to be built, the plans had to be submitted

to the Lord Chamberlain; but it was clear from Mr. Fane's evidence that the supervision exercised was little more than nominal. The officials seem practically to have accepted the views of theatrical architects as to what was needed. Such profound carelessness on the part of those who had ample jurisdiction can only be accounted for on the supposition that the chance of a serious fire in a theatre at a time when an audience was in it was thought too remote to be worth considering.

That this should have been, and should still be, the view of managers is natural enough. As a well-known actor said when addressing some malcontents, the management of a theatre is a matter of business. The man who constructs and opens a playhouse naturally wishes not to expend more than is necessary, and to furnish a house with a sufficient number of exits may be a very expensive matter. There are few people whose views are not to some extent warped by their interests; and, without in any way specially blaming managers, it is easy to understand how they have persuaded themselves that their theatres are safe, or that the chance of an audience being burnt and suffocated is infinitesimal, and scarcely worth more thought than the chance of an earthquake; but it does seem truly surprising that these opinions should have been accepted—up to a very recent date, at all events—by the officials whose duty it was to see that there was due regard for the safety of the public. It is one thing to regard an accident as highly improbable, another to regard it as practically impossible, and unhappily the latter view was willingly taken by the officials who wisely permitted the construction of the Opera Comique and the Criterion. Now this view is shown to be contrary to fact, and to fact of a very hideous and terrible kind. Managers will, no doubt, continue to maintain that their playhouses are perfectly safe, and that any dread about them is due to unreasoning fear. Their opinions and statements, however, are really not worth serious attention, or at best are worth about as much attention as those of the railway officials who maintain that all possible precautions are taken on their lines. It may be said with perfect truth that the burning and suffocation of an audience are very improbable; but it can no longer be said that this horrible catastrophe is so beyond the range of ordinary probability as to be ranked with things all but impossible, not to be taken into account except by panic-mongers. Within the course of a few years theatres have been burnt while occupied by spectators, and in every case there has been loss of life in the most hideous manner conceivable. The Brooklyn Theatre was burnt in 1876, and three hundred lives were lost. The Nice Opera House was burnt down in March of the present year, with the loss of at least a hundred lives. Now has come the crowning catastrophe at Vienna, and eight hundred people have perished—some burnt, some suffocated, some squeezed to death. Can any valid reason be given for assuming that what has happened in these three cities may not happen in London? Of course it may be alleged that theatres here are better constructed and better managed than theatres in America, in Austria, or in France. People who can seriously listen to such a statement are fit auditors for those who can gravely advance it. Five years ago it might have been said that the burning of a theatre with spectators in it was impossible in America, ten months ago that it was impossible in France, and twelve days ago that it was impossible in Austria. There is literally no reason whatever for assuming that such a disaster may not occur in London, and there is, unfortunately, only too much reason to suppose that at some houses very few of the audience would escape if a fire broke out. With the arguments against the possibility of such an occurrence people are by this time probably familiar. Every manager is always ready to prove that his theatre is perfectly safe, and to explain that in the event of fire every one will be able to get away easily. We have shown before now how much trust can be reposed on those assertions, and it is to be observed that even after the destruction of the Ring Theatre similar statements have been made respecting that edifice. It has been explained that the theatre was really perfectly safe, and that the loss of life was due to bad arrangements. Possibly bad arrangements may have contributed to the catastrophe, and the police may also be to blame; but there can scarcely be much doubt when eight hundred lives have been sacrificed that the exits were defective, and it is well worth notice that now, when the possibility of a holocaust to carelessness and cupidity has been made only too terribly clear, the reassuring assertions with which we are familiar are complacently repeated. People who are mourning over the loss of fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters are told that their relatives would never have been turned into cinders or crushed to death if it had not been for unfortunate negligence which on that particular evening made a well-planned theatre somewhat unsafe.

Even the Lord Chamberlain's officials would hardly give credence to this statement, though unfortunately it can scarcely be doubted that they have given heed to statements which were hardly worthy of more attention. To put themselves to as little trouble as possible, to let things take their chance, to place reliance on comforting assurances, not to bother themselves about what after all was not very likely—these seem to have been their guiding principles; and now the horrible catastrophe which has thrilled all Europe shows what may be the result of the manner in which they did their work, or rather of the manner in which they left it undone. In one respect, no doubt, they are not so open to censure as they appear to be. It would scarcely be fair to hold the Lord Chamberlain's office responsible for the old theatres, as his powers were perhaps not fully defined until the Act of the 6 & 7 Vict. was

passed. It is, however, unfortunately the fact that some of the houses which have the worst means of egress have been built in recent times. Three years ago the Metropolitan Board of Works took some of the responsibility off the hands of the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates; but the Lord Chamberlain of the day did not altogether welcome the change, and the result of a very absurd remonstrance which he made was that he was allowed to retain part of the power which he had used so ill. The Board of Works has not hitherto been willing to exercise all the vaguely defined powers given to it, and what may be the limits of the respective jurisdictions of the Lord Chamberlain's office and the Board it is not very easy to say; but it is clear that the former still rules to some extent. A circular respecting the gas supply has been issued by the Lord Chamberlain, and to it managers will probably pay as much or as little attention as they please. It is greatly to be hoped, however, that this feeble effort will not be considered sufficient, and that the subject will not be allowed to drop as it has been allowed to drop before.

That a fire may occur when a house is full or partly full cannot, as we have said, be doubted now, nor can it be urged any longer that the chance of this happening is too small to be worth considering. The fire at Brooklyn or that at Nice, or even that at Vienna, may be explained away; but all three cannot be explained away. It is childish to place exaggerated confidence on what is really due in great part to good luck, and to believe, because we have been hitherto fortunate, that a happy spell will for ever protect London theatres from the misfortunes which have befallen theatres in other countries. Owing to the carelessness which was common in former days, and to gross neglect of duty recently by a public department, there are many theatres which are not altogether safe, and some which are extremely unsafe. Whether improvements can be made in these latter, or in all, and at whose cost they should be made, should be settled; for now that the possibility of hideous disaster has been made manifest these questions should assuredly receive more serious attention than has yet been given to them.

#### RADICALISM AND FREEDOM.

IT is perhaps difficult for outsiders to share in the enthusiasm of the *Times* over the style of its latest irregular correspondent, Mr. Auberon Herbert. "He writes so well," that even the *Times*, as it confesses, can hardly resist the charm of his writing. It is an ancient and invaluable maxim that, as is the praiser, so is the praise. The language in which the *Times* indulges in its ecstasy of rapture over Mr. Auberon Herbert is not calculated to inspire implicit confidence in its eulogies on points of style. "The measure is still in the clouds and the weapon is still brandished. It is not easy to criticize what we are told is in a stage of incubation." A measure in the clouds, a measure which coming down from the clouds becomes first a weapon and then an egg, is a phenomenon of an unusual character. "Je fais des métaphores qui se suivent," said one of the greatest of French writers as a vindication of his claims, but it is not easy to discern the principle of sequence in the cloud-measure, the weapon, and the egg. The writer in the *Times*, however, besides giving ingenious measure (not cloud-measure at all) of his faculties of style, is good enough to oblige his readers with other information. He spends, it would seem, "half his days in the country, the real working country of Old England," and "no man can do this without feeling every year deeper and deeper in his heart the wish that our farmers could be made something better than they are now." It is a touching picture, the picture of a great writer, a man who can deal you out consecutive talk about cloud-measures, weapons, and eggs, who passes half his days in the real working country of Old England, as opposed, it is to be presumed, to the idle region of the *pays de Cocagne*, and who feels wishes of the purest benevolence sinking deeper and deeper in his heart for every hundred and eighty-two and a half days thus spent. A little further on we read that the distinguishing feature, or at least "an attractive feature, of country life is its hereditary character." Clearly, therefore, this haunter of the country is not a man of yesterday. The result of his ancestral connexion with the soil is the assertion that "farmers were more men of letters, more men of culture and men of manners hundreds of years ago than they are now." The columns of the *Times*—at least its leader columns—are not places in which one looks for startling discoveries. But this sentence certainly shows that the country resident in question has some remarkable unpublished memoirs handed down from those ancestors who have given him his hereditary character. These memoirs really should be published.

It is rather hard on Mr. Auberon Herbert that he should be introduced in this way. "It is a measure in the clouds; I see it brandished; it is in process of incubation," might pass for an irreverent joke if jokes were admitted in the place where it appears. But Mr. Herbert's letter, though perhaps not displaying the remarkable style which the *Times* discovers in it, is a sufficiently lively performance. Indeed, these modern "hootings of an owl in the wilderness," to borrow a title from David Deans, are very instructive, and even amusing, reading. They make Mr. James Howard (and, if we remember rightly, Admiral Maxse) dreadfully angry; but they are wisely passed in silence by the rest of the Radical party and by sober Liberals who understand the advantage of not answering what you cannot answer. The



answer, in fact, is much simpler than any mere pen-and-ink rejoinder. An idle bystander, contemplating politics with impartial eyes and a tolerable memory in the brain behind it, must smile to see how the positions of parties have been reversed. Sixty years ago a keen satirist like Peacock could find nothing better to put into the mouths of his Tories than a choral response "The Church is in danger! the Church is in danger!" to all troublesome arguments. The watchword has survived, but the terms have been altered. "Mr. Gladstone's Government is in danger" is the sufficient and simple reply to such undisciplined maunderings as those of Mr. Auberon Herbert from his hermitage in the New Forest. It is not that Mr. Herbert has not laid his flank open to the archers with sufficient generosity. A man should not gibe at his enemy for not using the English language in the same sense that he does, and, in the same composition, employ the word "loan" as a verb. In point of humour Mr. Herbert appears to be fairly on a level with his distinguished eulogist of the three metaphors. "We may still," says he, "have some amusement by the sight of ambulatory assessors let loose in this country and flying over the fences by moonlight." It would be great fun, certainly; but some acquaintance with the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance, and a profound dislike for it, have yet not enabled us to discern the probability of this particular form of sport if Mr. Hunter's proposals were accepted. Lastly, Mr. Herbert undertakes to vindicate his own existence as a Radical Republican. Mr. Howard had bewailed the decease of that entity—or, at least, its severance from Mr. Auberon Herbert's personality. "He is still here," says Mr. Herbert, cheerfully, "though it may be that he better understands his own creed than before, and holds it with more consistency." The proof of this improvement in Mr. Auberon Herbert's intellectual fibre is that his argument for landlords "rests on the same foundation" as that for the disestablishment of Churches, the abolition of religious disqualifications, and that "by which hereditary institutions will in their due season be abandoned." We are not concerned now with hereditary institutions, or else it would be not very difficult to show that Mr. Herbert is still a halter between two opinions, and that in the excellent frame of mind in which he now is he will probably come round even to a House of Lords in which younger sons have no seats before long. It is sufficient to say that he is still evidently sound in the Radical faith, perhaps even in that yet more absurd faith which calls itself Republican, and which bases the right of a fool to demand obedience from a wise man on the fact that it is frequently easy for the fool to find a majority of his likes. However, this orthodoxy makes his final statement really interesting. "Every man, rich and poor," may, it seems, make of the Radical Republican principle "one claim, that he should be accounted a free man, free in the disposal of his faculties and his possessions"—always excluding, of course, hereditary rights and dignities which do not descend to younger sons.

When Mr. Auberon Herbert next takes up his pen to witch the *Times* by noble penmanship, this last sentence of his will give him an excellent starting-point, and, if he will take our advice, he will send for many histories and Blue-books, and set about an inquiry into the conduct of his friends the Radical Republican party of all times, nations, and countries in reference to this particular claim. We have not the remotest wish to prejudice Mr. Herbert in this laudable search, but from some experience in it we shall make so bold as to say that he will find it the exact claim which Radical Republicans absolutely refuse to admit. The Radical Republican of France ninety years ago informed people briefly that if they disposed of their faculties or possessions by taking them across the frontier, confiscation of such of the latter as they could not take, and prompt extinction of the former by the guillotine, in case of capture, would be their portion. The Radical Republican of two centuries and a half ago in England informed his countrymen that if they had the impudence to worship after the manner of their fathers (which may be said to be a pardonable employment of faculties), or if they furnished assistance to their only lawful sovereign (which may be taken to be a conceivably free employment of possessions), various penalties from prison to scaffold would be theirs. The Radical Republican of to-day in the United States goes to work less decidedly; but his general tenor of conduct is much the same, though the constraint exercised is social rather than legal. The Radical Republican of France now is a much more thoroughgoing specimen of the class. There you may not dispose of your property as seems good to you; you may not express your political opinions; you may not join yourself to other persons to employ their and your faculties and possessions in the service of God without the chance of being expropriated and driven out of the country. In England itself the inquiry will be particularly fruitful. Under the wicked old régime before the Reform Bill, the nominal restrictions of law were accompanied by the utmost personal freedom. Unless our great-grandfathers and grandfathers stole, or murdered, or smuggled, or poached, or ran away from a pressgang, they had every chance of passing their lives without any interference whatever on the part of the Legislature. They had to pay their taxes certainly; but this done, they disposed of their faculties and possessions as they would. A most remarkable change has come upon us in consequence of the operation of this same Radicalism, which is not always frank enough to call itself, as it does in Mr. Herbert's case, Radical Republicanism. The things that we may not do have multiplied with the most portentous rapidity. We may not be thirsty after or before certain hours; and in Wales we may not be thirsty at all for one day out of the seven after next August. Being

members of the National Church, we may not give churchyards to that Church, but must give them at the same time, unless we choose to take cunning legal precautions, to Jumpers and Ranters. We may not let our lands, if we have any, on the terms that we and our tenants choose to arrange as to game. If we are unlucky enough to possess any in Ireland, we may not let them as we choose at all; but must be content with taking thirty or forty per cent. off the rent which the first comer would gladly pay for the benefit of any idle and defaulting loafer who happens to be in possession. The darling object of the Radical (we still must not call him a Republican) just at present is to add a few more disabilities of the same kind. He pants for the day when we may not canvass electors to return us to Parliament, the pure, wise, and beneficent agency of the caucus being duly substituted. He longs for a time when a wicked Tory minority may be prevented from employing their faculties in opposition to the great and good designs of the greatest and best of statesmen in virtue of cunning *clôtures* and other gags and muzzles of the same kind. Indeed it is not easy to find, in looking through the Radical programme, any single enabling clause. Not only may we not have a churchyard, but shortly we are not to be allowed to have a Church; we must take our chance among a row of competing Bethels. We may not secure our posterity from the folly or imprudence of youth by settlement; and we may not be sure that what we leave for a certain object tending, as we think, to the public welfare will not be perverted to what the donors would assuredly think the public hurt. Some of these contributions towards the liberty of disposing of faculties and possessions Mr. Herbert expressly approves, others he does not seem to like. Let him draw out the list completely—we have given but a mere sketch of it—and study it; and, if he likes, publish it for others' study. He will find that the most fantastic despotisms in the world have hardly exceeded in despotism the interferences with the free use of faculties and possessions made by Radical Republicans in the past, and have hardly approached the rigour of interference of this kind which is threatened by Radical Republicans in the future.

#### CLEEVE ABBEY.

THERE is hardly a more disappointing writer on English antiquities than the indispensable John Leland. He is usually our sole authority for the structural character of the religious houses just at the time of their dissolution; yet, though he styles himself the King's Antiquary, and as such was sent through the country to search into the literary treasures of the monasteries, the information he affords of the places wherein these were contained is frequently little more than that one building stands so many miles apart from another. An instance in point is St. Mary's, Old Cleeve, the only Cistercian Abbey in Somerset, which he did not turn aside to inspect, though he says that he passed within a quarter of a mile of its walls. Had his curiosity induced him to glance within the portal, he would have discovered one of the completest arrangements of monastic buildings of its kind in the kingdom, though not one of the most extensive. The library, however, which perhaps had hardly at any time reputation enough to draw a bibliographical traveller out of the highway, was already ransacked; and Leland knew too many abbeys and priories to be careful of viewing one or two more for the sake of their architectural distinctiveness. Happily, in the case of Cleeve, there is smaller need than usual of his description; for, except the church, the buildings are in general almost as perfect as he himself would have found them. We may yet see the gatehouse, sacristy, chapter-house, day-room, dormitory, refectory, and many other offices in as fairly complete and picturesque assemblage as when the monks cast their last longing, lingering look behind on going forth into the world. Until lately, however, the spot was rarely visited except by some zealous antiquary or ecclesiologist, for the cloister garth had been converted into a farmyard, and the surrounding apartments into granaries, pigstyes, stables, and sheep-pens, the lowing of oxen and the cock's shrill clarion replacing the chants of the cowed brethren. This was the condition of the place when we formerly saw it, but all is now changed for the better. The farmer with his stock has been provided with more befitting accommodation; the cloister court, relieved from an indescribable scene of lumber and refuse, is now covered with soft green turf; and the monastic offices have been cleansed; while a systematized exploration of all parts has helped to make clear the meaning of the whole. The visitor to Blue Anchor, Minehead, and Watchet, each of which seaside retreats is within a few miles of the ruins, finds practically a fresh showplace of remarkable interest introduced to his view, and it may be said that some of the importance of these holiday resorts is owing to their neighbourhood to Old Cleeve. The pleasanter state of things at the Abbey is in consequence of the estate having been purchased by Mr. G. F. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, in the neighbourhood, who in 1875 began the good work of rescuing the buildings from their degraded condition. Under the instructions of the late Precentor Walcot, a gang of labourers carted away the accumulations of soil, and gradually brought to light by their pick-axes the lost sight of the Norman minster, including numerous encaustic tiles and other relics; the result being to offer to the student of monastic architecture a profitable illustration of Cistercian arrangement, and one that even Mr. Sharpe seems to have left unnoticed. But, before touching further upon the remains, it

may be useful to give some particulars of the origin of the monastery.

The foundation charter of St. Mary's, Cleve, is assumed to be lost. It was formerly in the possession of Sir Hugh Windham, one of the judges of the Common Pleas in 1677, and is fortunately printed in Dugdale. It asserts in the usual form that William de Romarā granted all his lands at Clyve, with its liberties and customs, military service alone excepted, to found there an abbey by the hand of Hugh, Abbot of St. Laurence of Revesby. The pedigree of the family of Romarā is declared by Mr. Planché to be one of the most puzzling in the whole catalogue of Norman nobility, and he confesses that forty years' study had not enabled him to penetrate its mysteries. We therefore humbly leave these mysteries as dark as we find them. It may suffice here to explain that William de Romarā, who became Earl of Lincoln in 1141, received by inheritance the manor of Cleve, which had passed to his ancestors from Earl Harold at the Conquest. His grandson, of the same name, was founder of the abbey at that place, the first of these De Romarās having left an example for his descendants by building the Abbey of Revesby in Yorkshire. From that Cistercian house Cleve was colonized, and the founder of the latter seems to have had so much affection for Revesby as not only to appoint its abbot to execute his deed of piety at the former, but to prefer the parent monastery for his place of burial, the inscription on his tomb being simply "Fundator Monasterii B.M. de Clyve." A second charter recites more fully the intention of the house at Cleve, which was to be for Cistercian monks, and for the health of the soul of "my liege Richard (I.), King of England, and for the soul of Henry his father, my lord who brought me up, and of all my ancestors and heirs, and for my own soul and of Philippa my wife," &c. Among the witnesses were Lord Hugh de Grenoble, Bishop of Lincoln, and the Lord Abbot of Rievaulx. The famous Hugh de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chancellor of England, who was father-in-law of the founder of the abbey, was one of the benefactors; and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of King Henry III., granted the fraternity lands in Cornwall, including Treglastan, to hold peacefully with infangethef and utfangethef—i.e. with the power of punishing a thief dwelling either within or without their liberty, if taken within their fee; and to be quit of the citements of the sheriff's turn or king's leet, and all other secular exactions. By a later grant, inferred by the Rev. Thomas Hugo to be of the date of Richard II. or Henry IV., Robert, son of Hugh de Wude, affords the right of common pasture of all his land of Wude, saving his corn and meadow land, from the calends of April to the time it is reaped and stacked, for 300 sheep and for 60 beasts and for 60 swine, on condition that at his decease the monks shall do service for him as one of themselves, and receive, should he finally desire it, his body for burial. This gives some idea of their large flocks and herds, for the Templars were not more warrior monks than the Cistercians were a farming community, and the scythe in the one case outlasted the sword in the other—a symbol, it may be hoped, of the final condition of things. For the sale of their produce they were, A.D. 1455, allowed to hold a market every Wednesday, and a fair, to last three days, twice yearly at the feasts of St. James the Apostle and of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. These manorial privileges had been granted to provide funds for rebuilding the beautiful little chapel of St. Mary, which stood away on the seashore, and had been overwhelmed by the fall of a cliff, only the image of the glorious Virgin and the altar of the same chapel remaining uninjured, being miraculously preserved, as was believed. The market was held in the outer court of the convent, and we may yet see the octagonal basement of the stone cross which once uplifted its head among the buyers and sellers, but a grand old sycamore occupies the place of the shaft.

Evidence of the high rank of Cleve among the English houses is afforded by the letters of Richard III. to the heads of their order and to the mayors, sheriffs, and constables of the realm, by which these spiritual and secular authorities are commanded to assist and obey at all times the abbots of Stratford, Woburn, and Cleve, who had been appointed by the holy father in God the abbot of the head house of Cisteaux, and by the General Chapter of the Cistercians to visit reform, punish, and correct all manner of trespassers, malefactors, apostates, rebels, and runagates, who had sheltered themselves under their vows, and all other evil conventual livers. Such visitations, though sometimes serious in their effect, must, together with the markets and fairs, have helped to relieve the monotony of the devotional discipline. There was also sometimes a little excitement on the arrival of a messenger from some distant monastery bearing with him intelligence of the lamented death of the father abbot of his house, and possibly a little news or gossip of what was happening in the world through which he had passed. His obituary-roll would be inscribed with the names of the convents he had already called upon, whose inmates had engaged to "batter the gates of Heaven with storms of prayer" until the soul of the departed brother was added to the saints; and his mission to Cleve would be to request the like kind offices from the brethren there. On one occasion he brought a petition for suffrages on behalf of Walter Skyrilaw, successively Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, Bath and Wells and Durham, who died in 1406; and on another for William Ebchester and John Burnby, Priors of Durham, who died respectively in 1456 and 1468. Politics were not altogether abjured within the cloistral walls, but they sometimes proved a costly luxury. In a Commission taken before the Dean of St. Paul's, London, in 1498, the abbot of Cleve, in company with his brothers of Ford and Muchelney, was declared among

the traitors of the West who had supported Perkin Warbeck. Fortunately he lived before Judge Jeffreys made his gory assizes in the same district, and so he might feel happy to escape with a fine of 40*l*.

The most stirring visitor was one who appeared at the convent gate in 1536, to tell the abbot that his house was to be desolated and his altar abolished. Though the alarmed William Dovell agreed with the enemy quickly, and accepted his retiring pension of 26*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*., it might have cost him a few pangs to quit his cloistral home, for he had added much to its architectural character, the great gatehouse and splendid refectory being his work. But all the fair structure of the Abbey, except such buildings as the King had ordered to be felled, together with 632 acres of arable and meadow land, was granted away (February 29, 1537) to Anthony Bustard, gentleman, at the cheap rental of 42*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*.. He did not, however, long hold the estate, for the reversion was granted on March 20, 1541, to Robert Earl of Sussex, at the yearly rent of 33*l*. 14*s*. 8*d*., the actual value being more than three times as much. But in the distribution of the monastic houses and lands the supporters of Henry had, like the followers of the Conqueror, no reason to complain of ingratitude from their royal master, the grants being in some instances almost equal in value, if not in territorial extent, to the Saxon lordships assigned to the Norman chiefs. Besides receiving the monastery of Cleve with its green pastures and easy tenure, Lord Sussex was enriched with the grant of Attleburgh College and Chantry in Norfolk. His title was found in his "good, true, faithful, and acceptable" services in the Northern rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, in connexion with which the unfortunate abbots of Fountains and Jervaulx saw no relenting in his face as their judge, being ignominiously hanged at Tyburn. He enjoyed the monastic spoil but a short while, for he died the year after the demesne of Cleve came into his hands. The same terms of tenure were granted by Elizabeth to Thomas, Earl of Sussex, the succession of owners, since his period, showing none more careful of the interest of the fine remains of the Abbey than the present possessor.

The situation of Cleve, which is so named from the cleve, or cleft, on the north side of the valley whence the stones were quarried, is not so striking as that of Tintern or Valle Crucis, among their stately green hills; but the poetical title of the Vale of Flowers, which was given to the spot in one of the charters of the Abbey in the days of Henry III., is no undue compliment to the luxuriant meadows, sheltered by a wooded height on the north, and by the undulating line of the Brendon Hills on the south in the distance. A bridge of two low arches, over a rapid stream which flows down the valley, leads from the public road at once into the abbey grounds, which were defended by walls and a moat—a not unnecessary precaution in earlier days, whether for cloister or castle. The moat may still be seen, and the walls also, though in a fragmentary state. Within this outer boundary were a mill and two fishponds, together with the granges and other offices needful for home farming. A tall gatehouse is the first conspicuous architectural object within the enclosure, which, unlike the frowning baronial portcullis to forbid ingress, had a gate in the middle, so that a visitor might at once receive the shelter of a portico before admission to a larger hospitality. The lower stage is of the thirteenth century, but flanked by buttresses of a later period, probably added by Dovell, the last abbot, whose name appears on a tablet over the archway of the inner side as being the builder of the upper story. His hospitable disposition is denoted by an inscription on the exterior, which seems in mockery still to invite the hungry wayfarer to a generous board. But the last table was spread more than three centuries ago, and

Porta patens esto  
Nulli claudaris honesto

will beguile no traveller, either honest or dishonest. A passage 46 ft. long by 13 in breadth had formerly a groined vault, which, having fallen in, reveals above it an open timber roof that once covered the hospitium or guest-house, a spacious apartment lighted at each end by a square-headed window of three lights. On entering the quadrangle a hasty interpreter might pronounce the architectural plan to be clearly Benedictine, the immediate evidence being the position of the refectory, which runs parallel with the axis of the church, instead of at right angles, as usual with the Cistercian type of construction. The later date of this building, compared with the adjacent domestic offices of the monastery, leads to the suspicion, however, that there may have been some interference with the original arrangement; and this on examination is found to be the case.

Leaving this point for the present, we consider the scanty remains of the church, which, if may be assumed, was one of the buildings that our religious King Hal ordered to be levelled. This in itself has furnished so fair a quarry for village purposes that it has seemed unnecessary to disturb the other parts. The walls at the east end where the minster was begun to be erected were 6 ft. 4 in. in thickness, those of the nave being 4 ft., and the whole length 161 ft. The remains are pitifully scanty, but there are some portions of walls, with traces of procession doors and windows, together with some broken bases of columns. These columns, instead of being clustered like Tintern, which date a few years later in the second half of the thirteenth century, were of a bold, round section, after the transitional Norman type of Buildwas and Fountains. The plan was in keeping with the leading abbots of the order in England, having a short, square-ended presbytery, and square transepts with eastern chapels. The monks' choir, as usual in Norman minsters,



was beneath the low central tower, and advanced one bay into the nave, where it was terminated by a rood screen, the remainder of the nave being for the superannuated and infirm, who worshipped in the retro-choir west of the screen, and the lay brethren or *conversi* who held the space between that occupied by the infirm and the western door. Though the rule forbade ornament, the squares of encaustic pavement, with armorial and grotesque devices, which have been dug up in great number, show that the love of ecclesiastical finery was stronger than the spirit of obedience to the dead letter. The eastern side of the cloister, which with the south is more perfect than the western alley (the wall of the church forming the north side), is entirely Early English, and from its severe style may be assigned to the earlier part of the thirteenth century. Adjoining the south transept of the church on this side, we find the sacristy, which has a remarkable circular window seven feet in diameter, once filled with fourteenth-century tracery, possibly of wood. Then succeeds a chamber that occupies the normal position of the armarium or smaller book-room, but which Mr. Sharpe, in his general plan of Cistercian buildings, calls the penitential cell; and certainly its single, high, narrow, lancet aperture gives it more the appearance of a prison than a library. The Chapter-house, with its fine Early English vaulting, follows next, and is entered by an archway rather than a doorway, for it was open to the cloister, and the double unglazed lancet, with its quatrefoiled head on each side, is unglazed—such were the stringent rules and hardy habits of the Cistercians. Annexed to the Chapter-house on the south is the conventual parlour, and then comes a spacious chamber 60 ft. in length and 22 in breadth, which was the calefactory, the fireplace that gave its comfortable name being still evident. This apartment has been sometimes erroneously called the Fratr, a name that belongs to the refectory, as shown in a former article (*Saturday Review*, February 26, 1881) on the Fratr at Carlisle. Here the ordinary business of the abbey was transacted, a fire being necessary for other purposes besides warming cold fingers, whether for heating charcoal for the thurible, preparing parchment and vellum for the psalters and legends, or even for less ecclesiastical purposes. The dormitory was a yet more spacious apartment, and extended over and formed the upper story of the building we have been speaking of. This chamber, now divided by a modern wall, was of the extraordinary length, considering the fewness of the monks (twenty-eight in the thirteenth century and seventeen at the Dissolution), of 137 ft. by 24, and is lighted on each side by a series of lancets, each deeply bayed for a seat, but without traces of glazing, having, no doubt, been supplied with wooden shutters. Till 2 A.M. the monks slept on their palliasses against the piers between the windows, when after seven hours' rest the bell sounded for them to descend the night-stairs into the transept of the church. That a bedroom fire was not altogether a secular luxury may be argued from the fact of there being here a large fireplace, near to which is the muniment room or library; this extended over the eastern bay of the Chapter-house. At right angles with the dormitory, and making the south side of the quadrangle, is a range of buildings, of which the lower story is Early English and the upper two centuries more advanced. "Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia" was so convenient a maxim that in the relaxed days of the rule much liberty was taken with it. Here, as we have said, the refectory is in an abnormal position, and, instead of being in keeping with the severe style of the dormitory, with its simple lancets, is a stately apartment, worthy to have been the hall of a baron's castle or of a rich and powerful guild rather than of a few self-renunciating monks. It measures 51 ft. by 22, and, though but an upper room, is lofty in proportion. On either side is a range of windows, having tracery of the early part of the sixteenth century—the date of the hall itself. The carved angels which start from the hammer-beams of the magnificent oak roof spread their feathery wings with so buoyant a grace that they seem almost to beat the air in actual flight. The ascent to the reader's pulpit, and a fireplace, are on one side, and there is a large painting in distemper of the Crucifixion at the east end. At the west end is a door leading to the abbot's lodgings, of which the upper chamber is covered with a fine oak roof and the lower is adorned with curious wall-paintings, the whole of this part being worthy of more attention than we can here afford.

Not the least interesting portion of the undercroft is the doorway to the steps of the present refectory, which had formerly served for the entrance to the original one. This ran north and south, according to the rule, and was situated on the ground level. The interesting discovery in the convent garden of the foundation walls and heraldic pavement of the earlier apartment was due to Mr. John Reynolds, who has detailed his researches in the "Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association" for 1877, an elaborate description of the armorial files by Colonel J. R. Bramble being in the same volume. The western alley of the cloisters was appropriated to the use of the converts or lay brothers, and we may yet see at the south end of the floorless dormitory overhead the doorway to the night-stairs by which they descended to the nave of the church, whose nocturnal services they were bound to attend. This side of the quadrangle has been partly enclosed with Perpendicular stone tracery, which is connected with chambers of the same date, now occupied by the warden of the ruins. The foundations of the original converts' house, extending, as at Fountains, to the west front of the church, with which this part was united by a circular staircase turret, may yet be traced.

## BOUCHARDY AND EDMUND KEAN.

SOME curious volumes of a magazine called *Le Monde Dramatique*, which was published in Paris, with a frontispiece by Célestin Nanteuil, in 1835, and of which we have said something on a former occasion, contain, amongst other odd matter, a story or sketch, in two numbers, from the pen of the prolific M. Bouchardy, which he called "Two Episodes in the Life of a Great Actor." The first episode is, in some ways, the more remarkable of the two. It introduces us to a tavern in the suburbs of Manchester, where three men, a young woman, and some children were sitting at supper. From the odd appearance, says M. Bouchardy, of these people, from the mixed nature of their language and their costume, and from the shrunken dimensions of their baggage, it was easy to see that they were comedians, not comedians of the successful and kid-gloved kind, "mais de ceux dont la vie n'est qu'une longue comédie, et que l'on nomme en France baladins et en Angleterre strolling players." Then we have a not very original description of the life of "strolling players"; and a statement that these particular "strolling players" were accustomed on fine evenings to play at five, and to have supper at ten, and on wet evenings to have supper at ten and begin the performance at eleven. On this occasion it had been wet; it was past ten, and the time drew near for beginning. "Old Jack Bob," who was three gentlemen in one—manager, stage manager, and acting manager—had turned his collar above his ears, pulled his hat low down on his forehead, and was walking round and round the table in a depressed way which was not usual with him. "Par Dieu, Master Bob," cried Tom Cove, the clown, "you look as if you were going to a funeral." "Come, Bob," cried Jackson, the bass, "we are never certain of a breakfast; at least make sure of your supper." Jack Bob, however, replied that he was neither hungry nor thirsty, went on to make some sententious remarks upon the best way of keeping the landlord in good humour, and wound up by observing that to-morrow they might be worse off than to-night. "Do you not see that one of our company is missing—and that one—" "David! David!" exclaimed Betty the young, Betty the fair, Betty the graceful, who had just given a cuff to one of the children. "Oui, David, replied Jack Bob, lui, qui nous avait promis de ne rester que quelques heures chez le duc de Bedford, et qui n'a pas reparu depuis deux jours entiers." Jack Bob went on to ask who was to play harlequin and Shylock if David did not return, who was to sing *Rule Britannia* with spirit and energy enough to make the audience join in the chorus, who, in fine, but David was the soul of the company? Tom Cove suggested that perhaps David would return in time; but Jack Bob scouted the suggestion, and announced his conviction that David was tired of his present life, that he had entered the service of the Duc de Bedford, and that he was an ingrate. "Master Bob," said Tom Cove, "you have lost your wits." Betty then burst into an eloquent defence of David, which she broke off blushing, and fearing she had said too much. The "leading juvenile" also threw himself into the discussion; and, in the middle of it all, the missing David appeared. He said that he had been through the round of his performances; that he was "las de la vue des ducs et des comtes, fatigué de l'odeur de musc des duchesses et comtesses"; and that he was hungry; and thereupon he ordered supper for the whole company. "Quel festin! On y but du porter, on y but de l'ale, puis les esprits s'animerent et l'on fit du grog et du punch"; and then, after a merry evening, everybody wanted to go to bed except David, who called wildly for champagne. At this the prudent Jackson and Jack Bob became alarmed; but David exclaimed, "Allons, Tome Cove, ces deux vieillards sont devenus stupides comme des Cassandres; demande du champagne et trinquons." Tom, or Tome, Cove wisely replied that he was willing enough to drink champagne, but didn't see where the money to pay for it was to come from; and, finally, David flourished a five-pound note. "Qu'on m'apporte pour cinq guinées de champagne; puis il se mit à chanter de toute la force de ses poumons."

The sight of the bank-note filled his companions with astonishment and terror, and Jack Bob set the example, which they all followed, of silently going out of the room, leaving David to finish the bottle alone and to go to sleep under the table. In the morning he was awakened by Jack Bob, who said to him in mournful tones:—"Get up. Here is your harlequin's dress. Take it, make your way across the woods, and may Heaven forgive and help you. As for you, you are young, active, and clever. You will always be able to make a living so long as you keep beyond the reach of the arm of the law. But as for us, what shall we do without you?" "... Ah! malheureux! dit Bob d'une voix chevrotante, j'ai perdu onze enfants sans les pleurer et je te pleure aujourd'hui; puis il essuya ses yeux avec sa manche et sortit en murmurant quelques mots que David ne put saisir." Presently "Betty la blonde" came in ready dressed for a journey, and explained that, as it was decided that David must leave the troop, she was determined to go with him. On his asking what was the meaning of all this, she explained that the others had come to the conclusion that they must part company with him, as they had no wish to be hanged with him. "Et pourquoi serai-je pendu? dit David en riant aux éclats. Pour moi, à ce que dit Jack Bob." On learning that they were convinced he had stolen the bank-note of the night before, David did what was, of course, the proper thing to do in the circumstances—that is, he bit his lips, knitted his brows, and strode up and down

the room in the greatest agitation. Then he went indignantly to his companions, seized the unhappy Jack Bob by the collar, and crying, "Tu vas venir avec moi sur l'heure," dragged him to the street door. At this point the innkeeper intervened, clamouring for payment, and, unable to stop David, girded up his loins, and ran as fast as he could close at the actor's heels. In this way the three arrived at the house of the Duc de Bedford, when, despite the impertinence and opposition of the valets, David, followed by his two companions, made his way across the splendid rooms to the bedside of the Duke, where he exclaimed, "Pardon, mylord, si j'interromps votre sommeil, mais quand il s'agit de son honneur un pauvre diable a le droit de frapper à toute heure à la porte d'un duc." The Duke, "un peu surpris," as well he might be, sat up to listen to David's story, and then, "curieux de compliquer l'aventure," said that he had never given him a five-pound note. "Vous mentez," cried David, and handed him the note, which the Duke looked at attentively, and then, explaining that he must have given it to him in mistake for a ten-pound note, produced a ten-pound note, which he handed to David with a request to be left in peace. The money thus happily got was immediately spent, and next evening the "strolling players" were as badly off as before. "Et vingt ans plus tard David avait changé son habit d'arlequin contre ceux d'Othello, d'Hamlet, de Macbeth, et de Richard III., et avait ajouté au nom de David ceux d'Edmund Kean."

This is the first of the two episodes, which is perhaps strange enough in its way, but hardly so strange as Bouchardy's assertion, in the second episode, that he had the story of "la banquette du duc de Bedford," of Jack Bob, of Tom Cove, and of Betty the fair, from Kean's own lips at a restaurant in Paris, when he repeated the very phrase of the first episode, "qu'on m'apporte pour cinq guinées de champagne." Then he became restive, and refused to appear on the stage at the appointed time. The occasion of his obstinacy was his seeing the Duchess de Berry's carriage, and being told that she had come on purpose to see him act. At this he broke out with a protestation that he would never let it be supposed that he had come all the way from London to leave his pleasant after-dinner period for the sake of giving the Duchess an hour's amusement. "D'ailleurs, je ne veux pas m'exposer à la critique des oisifs de la cour; si la duchesse n'était pas venue, j'aurais joué, sans doute; mais puisqu'elle est au théâtre, je vais écrire de suite au directeur que je suis alité." Then, according to Bouchardy's recital, followed a remarkable scene. Kean told one story after another, with admirable spirit and success; and his faithful valet meanwhile sacrificed himself to his master's interests by drinking up all the wine as fast as the bottles were opened, so as to prevent Kean from drinking more than the one glass which was before him when the conversation began. At a quarter-past seven they reached the theatre, where the curtain ought to have risen at half-past seven. Kean was ready to go on the stage, but unluckily ordered and drank "un verre de grog" and at the same time caught sight again of the fatal carriage. Then he resumed his old argument against appearing on the stage to amuse the Duchess, and began to take off his half-assumed costume. It was nearly half an hour after the advertised time of performance when he was persuaded to resume his dress and play his part by the ingenious device of a friend, who drew a harrowing picture of the distress which would be inflicted on a large number of scene-shifters, carpenters, and supers, if the performance were given up at the last moment. M. Bouchardy goes on to give a curious account of what Kean did with his money. A third, he says, was absorbed by dishonest men of business and false friends, another third was given away, and another third "plutôt dissipé que dépensé." This being so, it is difficult to see where the "aisance raisonnable" which Bouchardy says he left behind him came from, and it is a little amusing, after having read the story, to read the author's concluding remarks:—"Pour moi, qui me suis approché de l'homme qui avait fait battre tant de cœurs et verser tant de larmes, de l'homme qui avait tant joué et tant souffert, qui avait eu les plus beaux triomphes et les plus grands dégoûts, la plus riche opulence et la plus froide misère, je me suis plu à l'étudier consciencieusement."

#### THE LOST BALLOON.

IT is almost impossible to think any longer with hope of the fate of Mr. Powell and of his balloon. Six days have passed since the unfortunate aeronaut started from Bath with Captain Templer and Mr. Agg Gardner. The upper air at that time was full of snow-clouds, and these it was intended to examine. The balloon at once rose to the height of 4,000 feet, passing through the stratum of snow-clouds, and sailed south-west over Wells and Glastonbury. Here a north-west current was lost, and, after various attempts to hit off the height at which a favourable current was blowing, the voyagers coasted to Symondsburry. Here they drew near enough the earth to ask their way to Bridport, and finally descended within a hundred and fifty yards of the cliff above the sea. The balloon dragged, Captain Templer fell out and slightly injured himself, and this loss of several stones of ballast caused the balloon to rise several feet, while still making steadily for the cliff and the water below. Mr. Agg Gardner now dropped out, not without a severe accident; and Captain Templer, throwing all his weight on the line, called to Mr. Powell to descend by it. But this was so perilous an enterprise, that Mr.

Powell, who was very expert in the aeronautic art, preferred to cling to the balloon and its chances. He was last seen, apparently perfectly cool, waving his hands in farewell as the balloon moved swiftly and inevitably into the growing darkness across the sea. Mr. Agg Gardner was of course prevented by the severe injury he had sustained from taking any active part in the attempt to rescue Mr. Powell; but Captain Templer behaved with the greatest energy and judgment. He had boats sent out at once from Bridport in the direction the balloon was taking, and he telegraphed to Weymouth for a steamer. But, when he arrived at Weymouth, he heard that a balloon had been seen to drop into the sea at the distance of about two miles. For various reasons Captain Templer disbelieved this report, which there is now too much reason for supposing to be correct. It appears to be probable that, either because the gas escaped, or because the balloon soared too high, so that its solitary passenger was chilled, or for some other unguessed-at reason, Mr. Powell lost command of his vehicle, and sank with it into the Channel not far from Weymouth. Captain Templer did all that could be done to secure information and to bring help to his friend. He crossed the Channel, he returned to Weymouth; and since then no possible chance of receiving information, or of sending aid, on either side of the Channel has been neglected. It is impossible, of course, to foresee or account for the vagaries of a balloon. The currents of the upper air may be moving swiftly in one direction, while the breezes below may be moving slowly in another. But there seems every reason to suppose that the balloon did not alter its south-east flight. Even if we suppose that it did not really sink into the sea at Weymouth, Mr. Powell must long ago have drifted into the water elsewhere, or have reached some point of inhabited country whence, if he was alive, he could have telegraphed. The only possible gleam of hope is to suppose either that he was picked up by an outward-bound vessel, or that he lit, in an unconscious state, and unable to make himself understood, in some very backward district, where the peasants had neither heard of his disappearance nor were able to communicate the news of the arrival of a balloon to the papers.

It is unlikely that the exact manner of Mr. Powell's disappearance will remain for ever unascertained. The sea or the land will give up some traces of the large and most ill-fated balloon in which he passed away out of men's sight, in a manner so strange and so impressive to the imagination. Fishing-boats will search the sea and the rocky coasts of the Channel. Every vessel is on the outlook, and rewards have been offered at all the ports. The "Saladin," in which Mr. Powell disappeared, seems to have been very unmanageable even for a balloon. It was the *Great Eastern* of balloons, very large, unwieldy, and unlucky. It began its career in a captive flight, by jolting Captain Elsdale up and down the roofs of the buildings near the Royal Arsenal. Next it just missed by a hair's-breadth the top of St. Paul's. Thirdly, it jerked Captain Lee on to a gasometer, and then shot up into the air with Captain Templer, who received a blow on the head, was rendered almost insensible, and very narrowly escaped being run away with. On another occasion this unwieldy balloon behaved so dangerously that Captain Elsdale had to escape by sliding down a rope, a hundred feet long, into a boat. To slide down in this way was, as we saw, Mr. Powell's last chance of escaping from his dangerous vehicle. Almost the only source of consolation in connexion with his disappearance is the reflection that he had not acted in an imprudent or foolhardy manner; that he had fitted himself by long experience, and by the lessons of experts, for the most adventurous of all the methods by which men seek to widen the boundaries of science. The pursuit of the aeronaut is not merely danger and adventure. Even were it so, little perhaps could be said against an amusement which is exhilarating, and which demands a cool head and steady nerves from its votaries. But ballooning actually and directly adds to our knowledge of the meteorological conditions of our planet, and probably this is only the beginning of the services of the art of Icarus. From the very beginning of aeronautic science people perceived its great military importance—or, rather, its great promise as an addition to the mechanism of war. A school of aeronautic science was founded at Meudon soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, and a balloon was made for each of the four national armies. The enemy was reconnoitred from a balloon before the battle of Fleurus; and the French may, or may not, have owed their victory to the information thus obtained. But, whether the French learned much or not, it is certain that the less scientific enemy was much vexed and annoyed by being overlooked in this newfangled and unsportsmanlike manner. A balloon was sent up before Solferino; and the Americans were not a people to neglect balloons in their great civil war. The French, who invented balloons, have derived more military and political benefit from them than any other people. Sixty-four balloons were sent up during the siege of Paris; and sixty-two accomplished their voyage in safety, as far as reaching dry land went. It can scarcely be doubted that balloons have a military future before them, even if the nations' airy armies do not take to fighting in the central blue in the usually quoted manner. For revolutionary purposes, too, they may be found of use, if it be true that the Nihilists lately proposed to shell the Czar's palace by dropping dynamite from a balloon.

Balloons were an invention that, like printing, came almost at once to all the perfection that they have yet attained. Persons in the past had invented plenty of balloons. The Jesuit



Schott's would have been a splendid balloon. All that he needed for its construction was a quantity of the thin ethereal substance which, he believed, floated above our atmosphere. But how was Schott to obtain it? The Greek Prometheus, like the parallel hero of the Iroquois, was carried up to the heavens by birds, which obligingly stretched their wings beneath his body. But in Schott's time the birds were wilder and less serviceable. Laureus Laurus's idea of a balloon was to fill a leathern ball or a swan's egg with nitre, sulphur, or quicksilver, and then to expose it to the rays of the sun, when the bag, or egg, would ascend with a solemn and graceful motion. Laurus also averred that hen's eggs filled with dew would do the trick. These ideas were worthy of Lord Verulam's dreaming moments. Francis Lana (1670) started the first sound idea. He proposed to buoy up a basket with copper balls from which the air had been exhausted, and to rig the basket with a lug-sail. His calculations were beautiful, but in practice his balloon was unlike Galileo's world—it did not move. The first balloon that ever explored "the cold blue fields and folds of air" was that of the Montgolfier brothers. It ascended at Annonay on the 5th of June, 1783. This balloon was a linen globe, inflated over a large fire of chopped straw. As the air cooled, the balloon, having no source of heat within it, rapidly descended.

The eagle, according to the poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, seeks the air, "not so the tortoise, and still less the bear." The first animals which ever really sought the liquid air in a balloon, were unadventurous in character, being a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which went up at Versailles, on September 19, 1783. All sped well, except that the sheep, a *mouton enragé*, attacked, and, we regret to say it, kicked the cock, and broke his wing. In less than a month after this experiment, Pilâtre de Rozier went up in a balloon, and flights became quite common. The two most adventurous of balloon voyages that have ever been suggested are the attempt to cross the Atlantic, and the attempt to reach the Pole. The former has attracted the disinterested attention of Mr. Barnum; the latter has been a good deal talked of, but it is doubtful whether it will ever be attempted. The difficulty is that a person starting to cross the Atlantic is just as likely as not to find himself at the North Pole, while a person making for the North Pole may find himself becalmed over the Atlantic. No amount of ingenuity has ever overcome the difficulty of steering a balloon. Till balloons can be steered no one should start for the North Pole in a balloon whose life is not *vile dannum*. Our ancestors, with their straightforward views of the propriety of utilizing criminals, would have started a crew of malefactors for the Pole. Probably a mutiny would have broken out, and a mutiny on board a balloon is one of the most fearful events that can be conceived. Or perhaps the crew, descending among Esquimaux that knew not white men or firearms, would infallibly have been recognized and detained as gods by these blameless Hyperboreans.

#### PIKE'S PEAK.

IN some weathers it is pleasant to take refuge among the mountains of Switzerland, or to explore the Highlands or the Lake country, if the clouds hold up. But to flatten one's nose against the misty window panes of a mountain inn for a week together is not exhilarating. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains such an experience is almost unknown. There it is as certain to be fine as it is certain to be wet in the Isle of Skye, and when the rain does fall it usually pours and has done with it. Notwithstanding these occasional downpours, the air is so dry that the highest of the Rocky Mountains is as free from snow during the month of August as Ben Nevis, though several peaks rise well above the level of 14,000 feet. Pines contrive to struggle up to the 12,000 feet line, and the clearness of the air dwarfs distances, so that there is hardly any indication by which the height of the mountains can be gauged by the eye. The distant view of the range is by no means striking, and cannot compare with the view of the Oberland from Berne; but the deep cañons and huge fantastically shaped and coloured rocks form a most curious and interesting spectacle. Several huge masses of red sandstone rise 350 feet straight out of the ground on what appear to be very insignificant bases. One is, moreover, much impressed with the appearance of unstable equilibrium assumed by enormous rocks poised somehow upon the steep slopes of the mountains. Again, by taking the trouble to walk or ride up any high peak, a view over the prairies of unsurpassed extent may be obtained, and the path can scarcely fail to lie through a picturesque country. A common excursion to make is from Manitou, a village about seventy miles due south of Denver, lying a few hundred feet above the prairie, and a little over 6,000 feet above the sea, to the top of Pike's Peak, some twelve miles distant and 8,000 feet higher. On the summit a weather-signal station is built.

Manitou is charmingly situate, with beautiful walks, rides, and drives in all directions. It boasts medicinal springs, and is asserted to enjoy the finest climate in the States for consumptive and asthmatic patients. Hence from June to October the hill-sides are dotted with tents inhabited by invalids who wish to combine economy with an unlimited supply of fresh air. The village counts among the attractions in its immediate vicinity a newly discovered cave of considerable dimensions, containing a fair show of stalactites. One of the two lucky explorers who revealed this feature of interest to the public was for thirty-two years

engaged as a lawyer in office work in the State of Ohio, and, on account of failing health, had to throw up his profession and take to digging or any other outdoor employment he could get. He and a friend bought the limestone rock enclosing the cave as a commercial speculation for burning lime; but the cavity has proved much more valuable than the solid rock, for visitors this summer have been plentiful at a dollar a head. Manitou is well supplied with riding horses and light carriages known as "buggies." On returning from a ride you have no difficulty in taking or sending your horse back to his stable; you simply throw the reins over the high Mexican pommel with which your saddle is decorated, and he finds his own way to his stall at a canter. It is said that if a visitor has the misfortune to tumble off, his steed never loses any time in notifying the fact at headquarters. We may mention that the Rocky Mountains are overrun by pretty little creatures of engaging habits, called "chipmunks." They somewhat resemble squirrels, except that their tails are not so bushy, and that the female is beautifully marked on the back. Should the traveller sit down to enjoy a sandwich in some secluded nook, he will find that his proceedings are watched with intense interest by these little creatures from every point of vantage. Lured on to taste a crumb or two flung towards them, they will soon advance within arm's length, and there proceed to sit up and discuss their food quite at leisure, keeping, however, their bright eyes fixed upon the intruder, so as to elude capture. Sometimes the possession of a choice morsel will be hotly contested between two or more chipmunks under one's very nose. The victor in the strife guards his treasure with the utmost vigilance, as he is quite aware that the defeated competitors have only retired as far as the nearest post of observation, and are ready to take immediate advantage of any remissness on his part. They are said to be easily tamed—indeed in their natural state they are the tamest of wild animals—and according to local report they have always thriven in captivity wherever they have been taken. The claims of the chipmunk as a domestic pet seem to us to rank in all respects higher than those of the prairie dog, an animal of very inferior presence, with nothing to recommend him except an amiable disposition, with which his rival is endowed in quite as large a measure.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is usually made on horseback; for, just as in Switzerland no one rides who can walk, so in America no one walks who can ride—the guides themselves accompany the expedition on horseback. It is a curious fact that, on attaining an altitude of about 12,000 feet, the pedestrian is attacked with a feeling of extreme lassitude and oppression not experienced on the Swiss Alps even at much higher altitudes. This statement we do not make only on our own authority. We have the assurance of a very distinguished mountaineer, well acquainted with Switzerland and the ranges of Central Asia, that it was as much as he could do to struggle up to the top of Pike's Peak. Occasionally a party will announce their intention of going up the Peak on foot to see the sunrise therefrom, and will make great preparations accordingly. They will start early the previous afternoon with a goodly supply of wraps and food, carrying revolvers to intimidate the bears; but, according to the inhabitants of the signal-station before mentioned, they usually arrive somewhere about 10 A.M., and are content to see the sunrise from a much lower level. Should you chance to fall in with a "sunrise" party on the mountain, you will find they are a little tetchy if you condole with them on the incomplete success of their expedition, and they will assure you with some warmth that sunrises can be seen just as well from the precise spot attained by them as from any more elevated position. After this assurance you would do well to drop the subject. The path all the way up is perfectly well defined, and no guide is needed. Wherever any reasonable doubt can arise a signpost reassures the traveller. It is practicable by moonlight, even through the forest, and a revolver is not a necessary part of the outfit, the chance of encountering a bear being remote in the extreme. The mountain buck, a species of wild ram much affected by the sportsman, is not unfrequently met with. Towards the top the path becomes bare and uninteresting, but for most of the way the scenery is picturesque, bold, and diversified. From the stony plateau on which the weather-signal station is built one can see about one hundred and fifty miles over the prairie, and on the opposite side a long range of mountains is visible. The station is a substantial building, containing three or four rooms, in which the two permanent inhabitants contrive to look very cheerful. The furniture of the principal chamber in this highest inhabited house in the world—14,150 feet above the sea-level—consists of an elaborate writing-desk, a large wooden bed, a few book-shelves, well filled, a stove, a table, and a few chairs. One of the signalmen, an ex-first-lieutenant in the American army, dispenses hospitality for a consideration. A cup of coffee with condensed milk costs 25 cents, or 1s., and the charge is the same for a glass of lemonade. The gallant officer is much pleased with his quarters, in spite of the low winter temperature, the mercury, or rather the spirit thermometer, having been known to recede to 47° below zero. He affirms that he never had a good night's rest till he attained his present elevation, having previously suffered from asthma. The number of signalmen attached to the station is three, of whom two are always there. Their experience of climatic changes must be interesting, as furious thunderstorms take place with short notice, and heavy gales come on quite suddenly in a clear sky, blowing over without a drop of rain, on which occasions the dust is intolerable. It may be mentioned as a piece of information not to be found in the guide-books, that Colorado swarms with household flies to such an extent as to amount to a perfect nuisance.

Another word of warning to the tourist. Let no one suppose that in an American watering-place, albeit in the Rocky Mountains, he can indulge unremarked upon in eccentricities or deficiencies of costume which he would not venture upon in a good hotel at Torquay. Englishmen who disregard the amenities of society in the matter of dress unwittingly arouse feelings of the bitterest animosity in the breast of the fair American, who considers herself entitled to be treated with respect even by dukes and earls. Civilization in the West is rapidly advancing. Denver is rightfully entitled to be called a city, inasmuch as it boasts a cathedral, a bishop, and a dean. Already lamentations are heard in the *Denver Tribune* over the exclusiveness of the local leaders of fashion. It is remarked in the columns of the same journal that it is no longer a common practice to walk about the streets with trousers tucked inside a pair of Wellingtons, and for our part we fully believe the day will come when it will be possible to put a brand-new pair of boots outside one's bedroom door to be cleaned, in the confident expectation that they will not be appropriated.

#### UNITED STATES SILVER COINAGE.

IN his Report, transmitted to Congress with the President's Message, the new Secretary of the Treasury recommends the repeal of that portion of the Bland Act which makes obligatory the coinage of not less than two million dollars of silver each month, and he also recommends that the silver certificates should be withdrawn and cancelled. Mr. Folger does not make these recommendations as a monometallist. On the contrary, he expressly states that his object is to bring about a concert among the European nations upon the silver question. In other words, he wishes to put pressure upon England and Germany to compel them to agree to the proposals made at the Paris Monetary Conference by the United States and France. It will be recollected that the Conference was adjourned until April next, and American bimetallicists have persuaded themselves that, if Congress would suspend the coinage of silver, both England and Germany would be compelled to accept bimetallicism. We find the reasons put forward for the recommendations by no means conclusive. As regards the silver certificates, we may perhaps explain that they are in the nature of deposit receipts, and that they pass current in the United States as money. Every holder of silver in the United States may lodge the metal in the Treasury and receive for it a certificate which entitles him to the silver at any future time if he wishes to withdraw it. Meanwhile the certificate passes from hand to hand just as if it were a Treasury note, and therefore goes to increase the paper circulation. By Act of Congress the number of greenbacks cannot be increased or decreased; and the effect, though not the intention, of legislation has also limited the issue of bank-notes. The issue of gold and silver certificates is the only means by which the paper circulation of the United States can be increased, and the eagerness of the public to obtain these certificates is strong proof of the great preference of the people for paper as opposed to coin. In fact, Mr. Sherman, just before he retired from the office of Secretary of the Treasury, authorized the sale of silver certificates for gold. He found that the silver coinage remained in the vaults of the Treasury, and, as he was anxious to obtain more gold, he offered to sell silver certificates to any one who wished for them in exchange for gold. The eagerness of the public for this new form of paper money was such that the whole of the silver certificates which the Government was able to sell has been bought up, and the certificates so bought were sent to the South and West. This eased the demand for gold which would otherwise have arisen when the movement of the crops began this autumn. The new Secretary of the Treasury, however, looks with disfavour on these silver certificates, and he states truly that their tendency is to displace coin, and at the same time to overburden the Treasury with the silver which has accumulated in such an amount as to constitute a real incumbrance to the Government. But this, of course, is a mere detail affecting only the United States. The question of interest to other countries is the recommendation to suspend the coinage of silver altogether, leaving only such a discretion to the Treasury as will enable it to meet actual demands.

The reasons put forward for the recommendations, as we have already said, are not satisfactory. Mr. Folger argues that the United States cannot give up gold altogether; and that, as the European Powers are not willing to adopt bimetallicism, the United States alone are not able to keep up the value of silver. Consequently, the United States, as things now stand, have to buy of others on a gold basis and sell to them on a silver basis—that is to say, that while the United States have to pay gold for all their purchases, they can be paid in silver for their sales. Now this is not correct. The Bland Act, as our readers may remember, authorizes only the United States Government itself to coin silver to the extent of not less than two million dollars, or more than four million dollars a month; consequently, no foreign purchaser of American goods can pay in silver, because he cannot send the silver to the American mints to have it there coined. And as a matter of fact we know that during the past three years the United States have taken from Europe nearly forty millions sterling in gold, while they have not taken an ounce of silver, and, on the contrary, have sold silver to Europe, though, it is true, only

to a small amount. But while the danger pointed out by Mr. Folger is unreal, there is unquestionably a danger in the present monetary system of the United States. As long as the great prosperity of the country continues—as long, that is, as its crops are abundant and the demands of Europe for its corn, cattle, cotton, and tobacco are on the present scale—the United States will be able to obtain as much gold as they please, and either retain or sell silver as suits them. But if adversity were to follow prosperity, if the crops were to fail or the exports to fall off, and the imports to increase, then the United States would become indebted to Europe, and would have to pay their debts in gold. Where two metals circulate side by side in the same country with equal efficacy to discharge debt, it is quite evident that the debtor will choose the cheaper metal rather than the dearer. In the open markets of the world silver is about 12 per cent. lower in value than gold, and, consequently, an American having to pay a debt in Europe would send abroad the gold which is full value all over the world, and would keep at home the silver which at home is of as much efficacy in discharging debt as gold, but abroad would be 12 per cent. less efficient. Consequently, whenever a time of great depression in the United States returns, there will be an export of gold, and silver will tend to take its place. This is the great objection to bimetallicism everywhere, and it is an objection in the United States just as much as elsewhere. Whether the export of gold is ever likely to assume such proportions as would render the United States unable to discharge their obligations in gold, is a question open to doubt. In California, for instance, all through the times of the suspension of specie payments, gold continued in circulation, greenbacks being almost unknown there. And it may be argued that a country growing in wealth and population so rapidly as the United States is never likely to be deprived of all its gold. But, whether this be so or not, undoubtedly the tendency of a double standard is what we describe it; and, had the Secretary of the Treasury based his recommendation for the repeal of the Bland Act upon this ground, his position would be unassailable. But, as we have just seen, the grounds on which he bases it are different. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than an attempt to coerce England and Germany into bimetallicism.

How far the recommendation is likely to be successful in Congress is a question not easily answered as yet. It is always to be borne in mind that an American Cabinet Minister is not like a Cabinet Minister in this country. He is not the leader, or even one of the leaders, of his party. He does not even necessarily hold any position in politics. He may, in fact, be raised from obscurity by the mere choice of the President. His recommendation, therefore, carries no special weight with it; and, in the present instance, Mr. Folger, who was the Chief Judge in one of the State Courts of New York, is singularly devoid of influence with his party. The mere recommendation of the new Secretary of the Treasury, therefore, will carry no weight with it unless the feelings of the party happen to be in the same direction. Nor is it to be supposed that the new President will be able to exercise a great influence over the discussions in Congress. President Arthur succeeds to office by a mere accident. He was not chosen by his party as a candidate; and the electors, in voting for him, had no expectation that he would so soon succeed to the first place in the State. Although, then, President Arthur endorses the recommendations of his Secretary of the Treasury, the endorsement is not likely to carry with it any great weight. And, so far as we can judge of the opinions of the majority in Congress, they are not likely to be in favour of a repeal of the Bland Act. The Republican party is Protectionist for all American industries, and silver-mining is a great American industry. The proposal, in fact, is to deprive silver-mining alone of all industries of the United States of protection, with the certain result of reducing its price very seriously. The silver interest throughout the country may be counted upon confidently to oppose the recommendation by every means in its power; and, as the whole Protectionist party is threatened by the agitation for the reduction of the tariff, all the Protectionists will be likely to rally to the aid of the silver party, in the hope of gaining thereby assistance for themselves. And they will be strengthened by all the currency-mongers; by the people who wish for an enlarged issue of paper—the "soft-money" advocates, as they are called; by the opponents of free banking; and generally by all the crocheteers, as well as by all speculators "for the rise," to whose hopes a contraction of the currency would be fatal. Nor is there anything in the present condition of the country that would lead Congress to entertain apprehensions for the stability of its credit. If gold were ebbing away, Congress might be frightened into a measure of this kind to stop the outflow. But, on the contrary, gold has been pouring into the country in immense amounts for the last three years, and the one overmastering fear amongst the trading classes in Europe at present is that the United States may take away still more gold. The silver party, therefore, will be able to answer all the arguments of Mr. Folger and his friends by the irrefutable assertion that the coinage of silver has not prevented the flow of immense masses of gold into the United States, has not flooded the United States with a silver currency, and has not prevented the accumulation of a vast amount of gold in a very short period. Nor is it likely that Congress will look upon the measure in the light in which it is regarded by Mr. Folger, and believe that it will coerce England and Germany into an acceptance of bimetallicism. To proclaim that bimetallicism, having been tried in the United States, is a failure and has to be



given up, is hardly the way to persuade Europe to adopt bimetalism; and Americans are keen enough to see the absurdity of such a mode of reasoning. It does not seem probable, then, that the recommendation will be successful in Congress; but at this distance of course it is impossible to form a confident opinion upon the subject. As all experience tells us, the decisions of deliberative bodies are often swayed by considerations which entirely escape the foreign observer.

But, even if the recommendation should be adopted by Congress, it is not likely to have the effect anticipated. Mr. Folger assumes that if the coinage of silver were suspended, and if the silver certificates were withdrawn, a void would be created in the circulation of the United States which would have to be filled up by gold; that, consequently, a further drain of gold from Europe would set in; and that Europe, alarmed by the increasing scarcity of gold, would agree to accept bimetalism to avert a worse danger. But this reasoning appears to us faulty in many particulars. In the first place, it seems clear that the circulation of the United States is now ample for all purposes. From the experience of various countries it is observed that after a long period of depression the circulation steadily increases for about three years, when there is a stationary period, which again is followed by a contraction of the currency. Now the three years' expansion in the United States has occurred, and it does not seem likely that further expansion of any appreciable amount will take place. Should it, however, occur from withdrawal of the silver certificates, it is probable that the void thus caused may be filled up by an increase of bank-notes. At present the heavy tax imposed upon bank notes in the United States prevents the expansion of the note circulation; but one of the proposals, not merely of Mr. Folger, but of all parties in the United States, is that the tax upon banks should be entirely repealed. If this is done, the present obstacle to the expansion of the note circulation would be removed, and notes then would naturally take the place of the silver certificates withdrawn. But granting, for the sake of argument, that there did arise a further demand for gold in the United States, and that a large drain from Europe were to set in, it by no means follows that there would be the struggle of which we hear so much. All the Powers of Europe, small as well as great, may take part in a general war, because there are only two sides in a general war, and the smaller Powers may range themselves, according to circumstances, on the one side or the other. But in the apprehended struggle for gold each State would fight for its own hand; in other words, each State would have against it all the other States using gold. Now it is quite clear that in such a struggle the poorer States would at once succumb, and the richer States would retain their gold. It may safely be affirmed that the United Kingdom, the United States, and France, can and will retain the gold needed by them whatever struggle may arise, and that the poorer States, such as Germany and Italy, will have to part with gold, and to put up with other substitutes. Instead, therefore, of a general and prolonged struggle making money dear, the probable result in the case anticipated would be that the poorer States which are now aspiring to have a gold currency would discover that they had made a mistake, and would either altogether drop the gold currency, or would supplement it by a silver currency. Moreover, the very fall in the value of silver, from which such dire results are anticipated, would make it more advantageous for the poorer countries which have still to resume specie payments to resume in silver. If Austria, for example, were to decide at once that she would resume in silver, she would be able to do so with much less cost to herself than if she were to try to obtain the costlier metal, gold; and so it would be with all the other poorer States of the Continent. We see no reason, therefore, to fear any great disaster to Europe, even if the United States did pursue the policy recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury, and we feel confident that no mere coercive measure of the kind will induce the Governments of England, France, and Germany to change their settled policy. For our own Government, at any rate, we may without presumption venture to say that it will not be driven to adopt a monetary system which it believes to be bad, because another Government drops that system.

## REVIEWS.

### BLUNT'S ANNOTATED BIBLE.\*

WE cordially hail the appearance of the concluding volume of the most important of Mr. Blunt's numerous and valuable works. It has the distinctive merit of being in reality what he claims for it on his title-page, a "Household Commentary" on the whole Bible, including the Apocrypha, which portion is entirely overlooked in more pretentious and costly editions of Holy Scripture. In the Old Testament Mr. Blunt had the field pretty much to himself, for no one would think of using for family reading the Bishop of Lincoln's learned and exhaustive annotations, or that very unequal and somewhat incongruous collection of sepa-

rate expositions of the several inspired books which composes *The Speaker's Commentary*. These labours, especially Bishop Wordsworth's, bearing as they do the impress of a single earnest and ingenious mind, while they are almost indispensable to the student, are wholly unsuited to the wider audience addressed by our author. In the case of the New Testament, however, his difficulties were greater, and his rivals can hardly be counted for number and variety of aim. Canon Westcott's *Gospel of St. John* contributed to *The Speaker's Commentary* will long stand by itself for freshness of conception and completeness of execution, the ripe fruit of twenty years of toil and meditation; while the three volumes edited by the Bishop of Gloucester for Messrs. Cassell and Co., amidst much that is fanciful or weak even to puerility, must needs afford scope for detailed explanation of a popular character on a scale which Mr. Blunt's plan will not allow. His best claim on public acceptance is grounded on his uniform and consistent treatment of every book of Holy Scripture consecutively, in the course of which he brings to bear as much special learning as the general reader will appreciate or digest, and in regard to matters of pure scholarship is more careful to state clearly the results at which he has arrived than to describe the processes by which his conclusions have been reached.

Such a Commentary as these volumes embrace must of necessity be, to some extent, a compilation; but this by no means excludes originality and independence of thought on the part of the compiler. These characteristics are very conspicuously exhibited in every part of Mr. Blunt's present work. He is an English Churchman of the higher type, ever anxious to illustrate the Book of Common Prayer and the authorized teaching of his communion from Scripture, as Scripture was received and believed on in the primitive ages of the Gospel. Yet, with all his patent and avowed prepossessions in behalf of Catholic doctrine, we occasionally find him over-cautious in adopting interpretations well vouched for by the ancient Fathers. Thus in the grand passage 1 Tim. ii. 15, where the Authorized English Version gives for *σώθησεται διὰ τῆς τεκνογονίας* "she shall be saved in child-bearing"—a sense neither suited to the context nor easily extorted from the Greek—the Revised Version boldly sets in its text "she shall be saved through the child-bearing," that is, through the Incarnation of the Saviour of the world; which is the only meaning deemed possible by the older interpreters, and is powerfully vindicated by Bishop Wordsworth, as before him by Hammond, the most devout and sober of our vernacular expositors. Mr. Blunt, however, shrinks through mere timidity; "although this may be accepted as a subordinate sense," he writes, "it cannot be regarded as the principal and literal one," and so falls back upon a poor commonplace reference to John xvi. 21. Yet this exceptional error of judgment (in our author's case it is very exceptional) indicates a tone of mind which keeps him safe from the rash surmises of modern speculation, and leads him to suspect an ingenious theory all the more because it is new.

We meet with a refreshing example of Mr. Blunt's tenacity of old-world notions in his claiming for St. Paul the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. So far as we remember, he is, with the exception of a contributor to the *Church Quarterly Review*, the only very recent writer that has ventured to maintain this opinion. Dean Plumptre has been pleased to revive what, but for his advocacy, we should have called the idle guess of Martin Luther, who ascribed it to Apollos, "although there is not a scrap of writing which can be authenticated as that of Apollos and used for the purpose of comparison, and no ancient writer ever attributed any work whatever to him" (p. 594). Another and not less considerable scholar has proclaimed from the chair of theology in a great English University his high gratification that some second person, distinct from St. Paul, but as richly endowed as he in spiritual wisdom, had been raised up to edify the Church in this noble Epistle, and had then fallen back into such utter obscurity as to have left not so much as his name behind. The arguments by which the Apostle to the Gentiles has been proved to have penned, or at least to have dictated, the Epistle, whether derived from patristic authority, or from the place it held in the most venerable Greek manuscripts, or from minute resemblances in style or modes of thought, are fully set forth in Mr. Blunt's introduction to the book. Yet he, too, has his own peculiar conjecture respecting it, which, to the best of our knowledge, is propounded by him for the first time—that, by reason of its regular form and didactic structure, it was in substance the discourse delivered to the assembled Jews when St. Paul first went to Rome (Acts xxviii. 23-29), supplemented by a few insertions here and there, and by the addition of the last chapter two years afterwards, which gave it the shape of a circular letter. In respect to another question much debated of late years—the date of the Apocalypse—our author departs more than is his wont from the tenor of early tradition, assigning it to a period antecedent to the fall of Jerusalem, either immediately before or not long after the death of Nero, June 6th, A.D. 68. There is no doubt that this hypothesis best suits the literary phenomena of St. John's existing writings, and accounts for the Hebraic structure and rough style of the earlier book by the supposition that little less than a quarter of a century, spent amidst the culture of Asiatic cities, intervened between the time in which it was composed and the writing of his Gospel and three Epistles. All other arguments for so early a date fail us when closely examined, and it is strange indeed that the Church of Ephesus, while Timothy was its Bishop, should be addressed in such language as St. John employed in Rev. ii. 1-7 in the very

\* *The Annotated Bible; being a Household Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, comprehending the Results of Modern Discovery and Criticism.* By the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," "The Dictionary of Theology," &c. Vol. III. The New Testament. London: Rivingtons, 1882.

year that St. Paul died. The plea that by the mystic number 666 (Rev. xiii. 18) *Neron Kesar*, expressed in Hebrew letters, is indicated, is not so much as named by Mr. Blunt. It more titlingly commends itself to the taste of Canon Farrar and similar writers.

The praise we have cheerfully accorded to this Commentary, almost entirely the work of a single mind, and so insuring a general harmony of treatment throughout (Vol. I. p. vi. Preface), admits on one point of no slight modification. In the introduction to the whole work in the first volume we have a sufficiently ample account, illustrated by a few facsimiles, of the chief Greek manuscripts which contain the New Testament or parts thereof, such as might readily be supposed to set before the reader by way of preparation some acquaintance with the evidence on which rests the sacred text whose integrity cannot but nearly concern every Christian, and which circumstances have brought prominently to the front of late years. Not, of course, that a Household Commentary can enter fully upon the details of textual criticism; but that if there are passages in the English New Testament (and there are not a few) either ascertained to be unguanine, or reasonably suspected to be so, it is the plain duty of those who undertake to guide the simple reader to apprise him distinctly of the fact by way of putting the unwary on their guard. The notification may be made very briefly, but in no important case should it be overlooked altogether. Now it is our grave complaint against Mr. Blunt that he has grievously failed by omission in this matter. Not that we would wish him to have troubled the minds or vexed the patience of plain men in weighty passages like Luke xxiii. 34, which the exigencies of Dr. Hort's elaborate and far-fetched hypotheses have forced him to call in question, in that instance sorely against his own will and instinctive sense of right. A capital error of this kind is best refuted by Mr. Blunt's entire silence; but it is not fair that those who use his book should be left quite in ignorance of the doubts cast by modern editors, however unjustly, on the authenticity of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, or on the narrative of the bloody sweat (Luke xxii. 43-44). Even such palpable corruptions as the quotation from Psalm xxii. 18, in Matthew xxvii. 35, and "her" in Luke ii. 22, are allowed to pass unchallenged; and, to name three examples out of hundreds, he ought surely to have stated the difficulty which rests on "without a cause," Matthew v. 22, on "we have," Romans v. 1, and on "broken," 1 Corinthians xi. 24. We must add, however, that several variations of prime importance (e.g. Acts xx. 28, Eph. i. 1, Col. ii. 2, 1 John v. 7-8), are marked by our author, who refers in each case to Scrivener's Introduction for a fuller account; that 1 Tim. iii. 16, 1 John ii. 23, and the perplexity in Jude, ver. 5, are carefully examined in his notes, although the paragraph John vii. 53-viii. 11 is more confidently upheld than the evidence seems to warrant, and the case for maintaining Acts viii. 37 is hardly so strong as is represented. Thus it is not a systematic avoidance of the whole subject of biblical criticism that we have to deplore so much as a fitful, partial, and inadequate representation of the problems which it suggests.

As the present volume appeared about November 1881, six months after the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament, we have tried to find out what influence the latter may have had on Mr. Blunt's decisions in difficult places. He nowhere mentions its existence, so far as we can perceive, and his last note on the Revelation bears date August 21, 1880. In the preface also to his first volume (1878) he seems to speak of the whole Commentary as already written (p. vi. and note 2); but such expressions must obviously be understood to admit of changes and insertions as the work passed through the press. At all events, although for some cause our author does not name the Revised Version, we find unmistakable signs of his having used it, especially towards the end of the New Testament, and that to the benefit of his own labours. But, indeed, it is not at all frequent throughout this Commentary for authors to be cited by name. Dean Alford's and Mr. Darby's translations are laid under contribution in just the same manner; they are probably never mentioned by name, nor in a popular work like this is such reserve deserving of censure; it would have been blameworthy and presumptuous, through indolence or conceit, not to have availed oneself of the fruits of other men's exertions. To this third volume is prefixed a careful "Historical Introduction to the New Testament," covering about twenty pages, wherein the temporal fortunes of the Jewish people, and particularly of their sovereigns of the Asmonæan family, are distinctly traced. Nearly all that is contained in this historical outline is likely to be new to the class of persons for whom Mr. Blunt writes. Less interesting, but perhaps quite as instructive, is a short treatise on the Gnostic heresy in its infinitely varied forms, which comprises an appendix to the First Epistle to Timothy. It is a subject which our author's earlier studies had rendered familiar to him, and we know not that any competent judge can avoid assenting to his conclusions:—

From every point of view Gnosticism must be regarded as an anti-Christian school of thought. Springing up, as it did, almost immediately after the leading doctrines of the Christian Faith were first proclaimed by the Apostles, it represents the second of the great assaults which the Enemy of Christ made upon Him and His work [the first being mystic or Cabalistic Judaism, according to Mr. Blunt]. Spreading over the civilized world as it did, and containing within the compass of its doctrines the substance of all later heresies, it was the greatest and most dangerous system of antagonistic doctrine that Christianity has ever had to withstand.

The volume concludes with a very full index of seventy closely printed pages, "so arranged as to answer, to a considerable

extent, the purpose of a concordance." We have found it very accurate so far as we have had time to test it, and no one who has ever tried to execute such a task can help commending the patient diligence so freely bestowed upon it. Taken generally, then, it would be difficult to mention any recent Biblical work which more completely answers the want it was designed to satisfy. Moderate, sufficiently learned, rigidly orthodox in the best sense of the term, we hope that this Annotated Bible will find a place in every family whose head cares less for that which is novel than for the time-honoured truths of Christian teaching. Faults in detail it of course has, one or two of which we proceed to touch upon, but they are too few to detract materially from the substantial merits of the whole. Our editor, after his manner, does not appear to name Bishop Lightfoot's splendid monogram on the Epistle to the Colossians (is it fated to be the last great literary effort of that distinguished prelate?), yet he cannot but have studied it, at all events when he wrote his essay on Gnosticism. We should have thought that the Bishop had settled once for all the true construction of that very hard verse Col. ii. 23. "The preposition *πρός*," as he states, "like our English '*for*,' when used after words denoting utility, value, sufficiency, &c., not uncommonly introduces the object to *check*, or *prevent*, or *cure* which the thing is to be employed." Hence the last clause of the verse is rightly translated in the Revised Version "not of any value against the indulgence of the flesh." Mr. Blunt, on the other hand, following in the wake of Alford and Darby, but with a rendering less probable than either of those which they suggest, not only separates *ἐν τῇ τῶν* from *πρός πλησμονὴν τῆς σαρκός*, but favours us with a note, whose substance ill justifies the complacency with which it is introduced:—

The whole verse might be better translated, "Which things have indeed a talk of wisdom, in voluntary worship, and in lowliness of mind, and in punishing of a body not honourably esteemed, to the satisfying of the flesh."

One other attempt to draw the bow of Ulysses, if not very successful, involves a less signal failure:—

2 Tim. ii. 26.—The sense here is "and that, at His will, Who peradventure will give them repentance [ver. 25], they who have been taken captive by him who has ensnared them may recover themselves out of that snare of the devil."

The passage is hard enough any way:—*ἐξωγρημένοι ὑπ' αὐτοῦ εἰς τὸ ἐκεῖνον θέλημα*. Mr. Blunt takes us to 1 John iii. 3 to show that *αὐτοῦ* and *ἐκεῖνον* must relate to different persons. But to whom? "His will" must be God's will, as the editor rightly indicates by printing "His" with a capital letter, though the capital is not found either in modern Bibles or in those of 1611. On the other hand, it seems more natural to refer *αὐτοῦ*, not to the Devil, but back to "the Lord's servant," in ver. 25. The Revised Version, whose margin virtually agrees with Mr. Blunt, and inserts a strong comma after *αὐτοῦ*, bravely sets in its text "having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God."

One more point only have we space to notice before parting with this, on the whole, judicious and always most useful Commentary. Our author, in his notes on 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4, has carefully gathered up into one view the significant notices of Antichrist and his kingdom scattered throughout the Old and New Testaments. He determines that they have reference to no power, prelate, prince, or potentate hitherto revealed to the world, but to a real individual person yet to set himself up as a rival to Christ and God in the season of general—almost universal—apostasy which shall characterize the latter days immediately before the end. He furthermore intimates that the seat of the deceiver's dominion will be some mighty city, a mystical Babylon, flourishing in abundant wealth, where, next to Antichrist, money shall be the object of adoration; some richer London, nay, possibly, some future New York.

#### THE HEAD HUNTERS OF BORNEO.\*

IN these days of rapid locomotion we must not be surprised at finding a Scandinavian in the wilds of Borneo. Mr. Bock went out to Sumatra at the instance of the late Marquess of Tweeddale, and, while engaged there in the collection of specimens of natural history, was deputed by the Dutch Government to visit the south-eastern part of Borneo. This volume is the result of the author's travels in the comparatively civilized country of Sumatra, and of his adventures in scenery and among people rarely visited by any European. Readers will note that the visit to Sumatra, though prior in time, comes last in the narrative. Mr. Bock has obviously many of the qualifications essential to success in all such venturesome expeditions. His powers of endurance must have been considerable. There is abundant proof that he is a man of tact and resources. His health does not seem to have suffered, though he was more than once attacked by fever; and while he has wisely compressed the overland route into half a page, and only just touched on the sights of Sourabaya, the remainder of his pages are devoted to Dyaks and their customs, to some remarkable aborigines known as the Forest People, to the Sultan of Kotei, and to native habits and tropical vegetation. In one or two minor points of the outfit there was some carelessness shown. The author took

\* *The Head Hunters of Borneo: a Narrative of Travel up the Miahkkan and down the Barito; also Journeys in Sumatra*. By Carl Bock, late Commissioner for the Dutch Government. With Plates, Map, &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



care to provide himself with suitable clothing, provisions in tin, and an ample store of presents to serve as diplomatic solvents. But it never occurred to him to buy a couple of mosquito nets, and he suffered frightfully from these insects, owing to the want of this simple precaution, as must be the case in a tropical delta. His very shoe leather, too, was deficient. On one occasion he was incautious enough to open an umbrella while on horseback, frightened his steed, and narrowly escaped death. At first he was wholly ignorant of the Malay language, but we gather that he made up for this deficiency afterwards. He has given us a short vocabulary of one dialect of the Dyaks, but he has clearly no solid foundation of Oriental literature. Malay phrases are given over and over again, coupled with some terms derived from the Sanskrit, and with others which are pure Persian or Arabic. A "bitchara," or conference of chiefs and people, is simply the Sanskrit *Vichāra*. *Slaamat* should be written *Salamat*, and *Sabundur* is the "Shah-bunder," or harbour-master, a term familiar at seaports from the Persian Gulf to the Malay Archipelago. *Mantri*, or minister, is pure Sanskrit. *Hormat*—it should be *hurnat*—is respect or honour, on which most Orientals set a higher value than on any one moral quality, except perhaps female chastity. *Misgit* is a misspelling of the Arabic *musjid*, a mosque; and there are divers other terms of the precise birth and derivation of which Mr. Bock is evidently unconscious. In one place, in the middle of a dense forest, he saw a Hindu idol, said to be of stone but in reality of bronze, which he wished much to buy. It was known as *Dingangi*, and a Dutch writer quoted by the author called it *Gendawagie*. We hazard a conjecture that the original name, transformed through Batavian and Dyak utterances, may have been Gunga Devi, the holy Ganges. But, if Mr. Bock fails to a certain extent as a linguist, we gladly bear testimony to his high merits as a draughtsman. The narrative is helped and illustrated by a few choice engravings and some thirty coloured plates which are truly admirable. Dyaks with their shields, spears, and leopard skins; palaces, huts of bamboo, and sepulchres, in which chiefs lie in state; women adorned or rather disfigured by marks of the tattoo, with pendant ears, highly coloured head-dresses, and gigantic earrings; native servants with smooth faces and light skins; cannibals and human skulls, the sword, the blow-tube, and varieties of domestic implements—all of them, we apprehend, taken originally on the spot and under considerable difficulties and interruptions, give a force and a fulness to Mr. Bock's descriptions which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. No photography was resorted to. Indeed, Dyaks, who were occasionally suspicious, would certainly have resented the intrusion of a camera.

Mr. Bock's journeys may be summed up as the ascent of two rivers in Eastern Borneo—the Mahakkam and the Barito—varied by a land journey which enabled him to get from one river to the other, and an occasional stay of days or weeks at capitals or important towns in the interior. One of the most prominent personages met in these wanderings was the Sultan of Kotei, a Mohammedan potentate whose trading port is Samarinda, near the mouth of the Mahakkam. His capital is Tangaroeng, higher up the river, with a population of 5,000. Many of the houses are raised on posts above the tidal waters, and some are mere floating rafts. The effluvia from putrid fish and all sorts of refuse are described as abominable. But the Sultan is a man of pleasing address, and of as much progress as is consistent with despotic power and complete isolation. If somewhat given to break one contract when a more advantageous offer is received, he has suppressed the slave-trade, and he has grasped the idea that his country must be populous in order to be great. He takes interest in European politics, and is familiar with the names of Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other "men of the time." It was perhaps hardly to be expected that he should pay his household regularly, should not punish theft sharply and summarily, or should not take delight in the national sport of cock-fighting. He was also rather fond of gambling; but, except that he permitted his servants to delay Mr. Bock's start up the country, his treatment of the author was kind and considerate; nor does he seem to have felt that undefinable but not ill-grounded fear and dislike of white men, who in the East have a knack of coming for commerce and remaining for empire. Shortly after leaving the capital of the Sultan Mr. Bock got a sight of the Orang Poonan, or forest people. About a dozen of these aborigines came to visit a Raja with whom the author was staying, and he was fortunate enough to be taken by a native chief to see how these wild men lived in the thickest recesses of the forest. These tribes, like the Veddahs of Ceylon, pass day and night entirely in the open air, with no other shelter than a mat. They keep up fires all night. They wear a head-dress and a waistcloth of bark, and eat monkeys and game, which they kill with the *sumpitan* or blow-tube and poisoned arrows. The women are fairer than the Dyaks, but very dirty in their persons. They welcomed Mr. Bock by asking for beads and tobacco, which were gladly given in exchange for combs and the plates on which the poison is prepared. They enjoyed a good meal of rice, as a pleasant change from serpents and monkeys, and begged for empty cartridge-cases to make ornaments for their ears. If male specimens of these jungle folk have been "interviewed" by former travellers, the author may record with just pride that no European except himself has ever seen and talked with one of their women.

But, after all, the main purpose of the expedition was to learn more of the Dyaks. The Dutch Government wanted a report on these barbarians, and Mr. Bock was determined to visit them,

all hints, doubts, fears, and impediments notwithstanding. A chief of the cannibal Dyaks is described in one of the most powerful and disagreeable pages we have lately read. His appearance merits the term "unmatched physiognomy" which Brougham attributed to one of the lying witnesses in Queen Caroline's trial. This wretch had just slaughtered and, with his followers, eaten up seventy victims. He allowed himself to be sketched, and presented the author with two crania and a shield in return for rice, beads, and twenty-four yards of calico. A high priestess of these savages gave her own opinion on human flesh, and stated that the palms of the hand were considered the best eating—a preference which, we are reminded, was not shared by the dogs that devoured Jezebel. Of course such a visit would not have been complete without a war-dance, which was executed by a Dyak with much shouting, stamping, and flourishing of a sword, for a present of two dollars. A Dyak is never without his sword and his basket for betel and tobacco. Generally he wears a cloth or piece of bark round his loins, and a covering for the head of the same material. Of a chief in his war dress there is a very good plate at p. 184. The women have not much more clothing than the men. The lobes of their ears are hideously enlarged by artificial means; and, when a warrior has secured a good many skulls, he is allowed to deck his ears with the canine teeth of a leopard. The minute descriptions of ornaments and tattooing make up nearly a chapter. Quite as much space is devoted to national weapons. Here and there an old-fashioned gun is found; but the native armoury consists of the sword, or *mandau*, the *kliau*, or wooden shield, the blowing-tube, and the arrows dipped in a poison which enables the Dyak to bring down the smallest bird at forty or fifty yards off with unerring aim. The Dyak's house is very properly raised off the ground, to avoid the ill effects of damp; a precaution somewhat neutralized by the exceeding filth allowed to accumulate under the open platform which represents the flooring. The chief material for building is bamboo, with a covering of palm leaves and wooden tiles. The Dyak is an aesthetic and collects old china. When he does not eat human flesh he lives on rice, which would give him a plentiful return were it not for swarms of rats and mice. At other seasons the Dyaks collect resin and guttapercha, and cut enormous quantities of rattans, which are brought down the Barito on rafts and sold to Chinese or Malay traders. The wild men of the woods are the chief suppliers of edible birds' nests and the bezoar stone. Against cannibalism and a passion for heads Mr. Bock pleads, as a set-off, the high character of the Dyak for honesty and truthfulness. They have, all but the chiefs, one wife each; are great smokers; drink nothing spirituous beyond a preparation of honey; and are liable to fever, dysentery, and diseases of the skin. In short, but for one practice, they would be considered harmless and primitive people, less bigoted than Mohammedans and far purer than ordinary Hindus. But when we are told that no ceremonies are complete without heads; that births, marriages, and deaths must be sanctified by the capture of some scores of enemies; that men are enslaved and reserved for tortures which exceed the refined cruelty of Pawnees and Siouxes; and that Rajas and chiefs cannot understand our objections to wholesale murder, we can only endorse the hope expressed by the author to the effect that this practice, if persevered in, must lead to the rapid extinction of the race. A very curious feature in the Dyak religion is the detail of the actual route by which a deceased chief is supposed to reach heaven. The pilgrim in his progress crosses rivers, climbs mountains, goes through a valley of tears, propitiates animals, takes a bath, eats fruits, and is reunited to his parents.

It is rather a relief to turn from these barbarities to some of Mr. Bock's descriptions of the freaks of nature in this unexplored region. He went to shoot boars, and after sharing in the death of six of these animals he saw, at a distance, a burning hill which he was informed was a coal formation that had been on fire as long as any one could remember. After leaving Tangaroeng, on the Mahakkam, he saw a lofty tree quite covered with bees' nests in process of construction and of various sizes; the smallest was nearly two feet long. But the honey and the wax were inferior to those of colder climates. Near this place the effects of the drought were worse than in India, though there was much less population to suffer the horrors of famine. The trees were bare of leaves—a rare sight at any time of the year in the tropics—and birds and beasts had either migrated or had been killed by the want of water. A narrow stream, called the Gadung, led to a lake which seemed to have no shores—that is to say, the lake had overflowed and huge trees were standing deep in the water. The narrative here reminds us of some parts of the Upper Amazon as described by recent travellers. Shortly after this the party entered another stream which had only a foot of water, and the channel was so narrow that the canoe was dragged by main force through the trees, reeds, and grass. To this boating succeeded a march through an undulating country and over rivulets and streams bridged by the simple expedient of cutting a tree on the bank and letting it fall over the torrent, or else by joining two bamboos together and adding a slender railing three feet above the foot-way. Coolies with burdens easily trotted across these rickety bridges, while Mr. Bock looked on with amazement, like the Mr. Briggs of Leech's pictures when Donald crossed a river. It was at this part of the expedition that Mr. Bock saw trees of which the roots grew ten, twelve, and fifteen feet above the soil. The roots were interlaced and tangled in every direction, the trunk of the tree springing not out of the ground but from the top of this

abnormal growth. The explanation given is that the soil is so rich from the decayed vegetation of centuries, that the trees were prematurely forced into the air above ground, or had dragged the roots up out of the soil by sheer rapidity of growth. We hardly like to hazard the suggestion that violent tropical rains might have washed away the earth from the roots, though it is clear to us that Mr. Bock avails himself of the action of rain to explain the appearance of a Field of Stones of every shape and size, from small pebbles to gigantic boulders many tons in weight. Several of these formations had been overgrown by rank vegetation, and the natives had stories of subterranean caverns, and, we doubt not, of hidden treasures. Mr. Bock discards the theory of volcanic agency to produce this result, as there is neither trace nor tradition of such phenomena in Borneo. In such descriptive passages the author is at his best, and his account of Bandjermasin, where a population of 38,000 souls live in houses floating or built on piles, reminds us of Tom Hood's phrase of a "sort of vulgar Venice," applied by that humourist to the city of Rotterdam. The notices of animals will be interesting to naturalists. There is the Sâat, or Gobang, described pithily as a stinking badger, from the fluid which it emits from two glands under its tail. The scent is a cross between Peruvian guano and muriatic acid. Then there is the binturong, half way between a civet cat and a bear; the long-nosed monkey, from its long fleshy proboscis; the honey bear; a harmless species of leopard, and the tiger cat. The rhinoceros is found in South-Eastern Borneo, but not the tiger. The jungles swarm with wild pigs, and in some of the open districts deer are plentiful; but we should hardly advise any sportsman, driven away from England by the Ground Game Act, to visit Borneo in the hope of large bags. Snakes are numerous, and ants in Sumatra were pests; but Mr. Bock once utilized these insects to clean the head of a fine tapir. He buried it in the ground under an ant's nest, and in a few days it was effectually cleaned of all corruptible matter. His travels in Sumatra took the author to pleasant bungalows and sanatoria on the hills more than 3,000 feet high, and here he made the acquaintance of a celebrated native hunter who could kill tigers single-handed as well as the bravest of Indian *shikaris*. We share the author's regret at the loss of his collection of skins by shipwreck in the Red Sea, and may congratulate him on the safety of his own. His lost collection might have gratified the zoologists of Batavia or Amsterdam, but it would scarcely have enhanced the value of his narrative in the opinion of Englishmen.

#### A GRAPE FROM A THORN.\*

MR. PAYN is one of the fortunate novelists who predispose both readers and reviewers in their favour. For he appears to be gifted with inexhaustible freshness, and his stories are full of varied interest. He constructs a clever plot; he creates characters who are not only lifelike but full of life; and, overflowing himself with drollery and anecdote, he makes even the slowest of his slow folks unnaturally entertaining. But as that is a fault on the right side, it is a fault to which we take little exception. As a rule, a prolific novelist is apt to become an intolerable nuisance, and would speedily relieve us by committing literary suicide, were it not for the necessities of the circulating libraries. But we doubt if Mr. Payn could do himself greater justice were he to bestow more time and thought on his productions. For the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* and *By Proxy* has naturally a brilliant inventive faculty, and he draws readily for his delineations of all manner of men and women on a wide knowledge of the world. Experience, which has taught him the tricks of his trade, has warned him before all things against being tedious. And so in *A Grape from a Thorn* he plunges at once into the middle of things, and introduces us to the mixed society of the novel. The company assembled for the season in the Ultramarine Hotel at the rising watering-place of Wallington Bay is by no means very select, although aspiring to be super-refined; but it is not the less amusing on that account. The queen of the circle is a certain Mrs. Armytage, who would fain govern rather than reign constitutionally, and who consequently must repress disaffection among the envious. We need hardly say that her struggles to assert her supremacy give occasion for many lively passages of words, in which Mr. Payn shows himself at his best. There is not one of the party meeting daily at the Ultramarine *table-d'hôte* who is not something of a character or an eccentricity. Mrs. Armytage's husband and paymaster is a professor and *savant* of distinction, who devotes himself literally to the pursuit of entomology. He is ready to make any sacrifice in reason for a quiet life with his wife, even to the extent of leaving her the lion's share of the daily bottle of champagne, although he likes the wine in its way almost as much as his beetles and butterflies. As Mrs. Armytage can keep her carriage and drink champagne, it may be presumed the Armytages are sufficiently well to do in the world; but she has a rival near the throne in a Mrs. Jennynge, who prides herself on superior riches. Mrs. Jennynge's social pretensions are bitterly ridiculed by Mrs. Armytage, and it must be confessed that the Professor's lady has reason; for Mrs. Jennynge, who is strongly suspected of having improved upon the less aristocratic patronymic of Jennings, shows the innate vulgarity of the *parvenu* in a hundred ways. We should be more inclined to pity her

daughter, who is keenly alive to her mother's deficiencies, were it not that that over-dressed young woman has so many foibles besides her affectations. Ready enough to remark these are two young men, whom Miss Jennynge might have tried to fascinate, had it seemed better worth her while. One of them is a Mr. Felspar, a successful portrait-painter, who might have made a handsome income by portraits and "pot-boiling," had he not possessed talents for higher things; while Walter Vernon, his inseparable friend, has hitherto been occupied in failing in literature. The friends, of whom we are destined to see a great deal, when their fortunes come to blend themselves with those of the heroine, are singularly favourable specimens of the best class of Bohemians, and Mr. Payn has expended no little trouble on them. Although they are almost aggressively indifferent to the conventionalities, they have a scrupulous sense of honour, and Felspar at least is capable of sublime self-sacrifice. But even while enlivening us in his merriest vein, Mr. Payn delights in touching deep chords of feeling; and, if he presents estimable people in a ludicrous light, he is pretty sure to make atonement sooner or later. Thus the placid Professor Armytage musters courage to override his imperious wife, when he sees an opportunity of doing an act of generosity; and we have a homely Devonshire couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who shame their so-called betters by their natural refinement when it is a question of gracefully succouring the friendless. As for Mr. Aird, the wealthy Anglo-Indian, who treasures the memories of a melancholy past in the person of his sickly boy, we have always suspected that any asperities in his manner can only be skin-deep. Nor are we in the least surprised when, at the crisis of the story, he appears as a benevolent *deus ex machina* to assure the happiness of a pair of desponding lovers.

The most objectionable person in the novel, from a moral point of view, is the father of the engaging heroine—the scrubby thorn that has produced that grape with its luscious sweetness and its mellow flavour. It is a grape, by the way, that hangs above the reach of many gentlemen who sigh and long for it; and yet none of them, when they see it likely to be plucked by another, dare in their conscience to call it sour. As for the Honourable Mr. Joscelyn, personally we rather like him. It is very true that he is the incarnation of selfishness; we hear that he has behaved badly to his wife, and we know that he leaves his daughter penniless. But his powers of courteous self-command are equal to his capacities for self-indulgence, and though his monologues are generally pregnant with cynicism, he can make himself the most agreeable of companions. We make large allowances for the veteran man of the world who succumbs to luxurious habits which have been growing stronger and stronger; for his conscience is crumpling the rose leaves he would lie upon, and he makes honest efforts towards atonement according to his lights. Mr. Joscelyn not only manoeuvres with astute diplomacy to marry his fair young daughter to the valetudinarian nabob, whom he believes to be a worthy man at bottom, but he is ready to throw himself away on the vulgar Mrs. Jennynge, with the idea of securing a dowry for his child. And though he values money, yet he realizes full well the price he will have to pay for Mrs. Jennynge's wealth. But he is aware that he has the seeds of a mortal disease which will carry him off suddenly, and probably soon; so he hopes to console himself through the troubles of his few remaining days with the thought that he has done tardy justice to his daughter. Of course death comes to upset one of his most selfish calculations, otherwise the novel would never have been written. It is much to his credit that Ella mourns him sincerely, for, as the young lady is as sensible as she is warm-hearted, it proves that his behaviour to her had blinded her to his faults. The orphan is thrown upon the assistance, and almost upon the charity, of strangers, and then it is that the real interest of the novel begins. Her father, in his anxiety to assure her future, has shown himself short-sighted when he meant to be worldly-wise. It might be all very well to save her from the impulsive devotion of Vernon, who would naturally have welcomed the destitution of the beautiful orphan as affording a magnificent occasion for demonstrating his disinterestedness. And as Vernon had pledged his word to her father that he would never propose unless he had an income of 1,000*l.* per annum to offer, he withdraws in the meantime into the background. But the intentions Mr. Joscelyn entertained with regard to Mr. Aird have unhappily reached the ears of the orphan, and raised an insuperable wall between her and one who would willingly have been a munificent benefactor. Nevertheless Ella Joscelyn, though left alone in the world, is neither helpless nor friendless. To say nothing of sundry suitors, more or less eligible, who are ready to marry her on the slightest encouragement, she has won the heart of the homely Mrs. Wallace, who is only too eager to adopt her. And Mrs. Wallace is bitterly disappointed when an aunt of Ella's appears to offer the girl an asylum. In her new home she is presented to a gentleman who is even more original than any of those she had made acquaintance with at the Ultramarine Hotel. Mr. Charles Edward, the master of the sumptuous establishment which her aunt superintends as lady-housekeeper, believes himself to be the legitimate descendant and representative of the illustrious line of Stewart. He exacts or accepts royal honours from the small circle in attendance on his person; and though he inherits all the stupidity of the last of his race, he is an honourable, kindly, and well-meaning gentleman. Moreover, there is no deception about his riches, whatever may be the case as to his royal pretensions; so, when he condescends to make the Honourable Miss Joscelyn an offer, she might

\* *A Grape from a Thorn*. By James Payn. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.



well have been flattered, as well as tempted. The only result, however, is a courteous refusal; which compels her again to shift her quarters. She is rewarded for her sacrifices and her patient waiting by being united at last to the man of her heart; and Vernon, who has been enriched by the will of Mr. Aird, prepares an agreeable surprise for his ladylove.

Our hasty sketch of the story may have suggested an idea of its scenes and episodes. Mr. Payn exhibits his command of the pathetic, as well as his knowledge of human nature, when he sets Miss Joseelyn to nurse Mr. Aird's invalid boy. Little Davey has been struck down by a contagious fever; and his attendants, while running a certain danger, are condemned to an irksome quarantine. It is natural enough that Ella, who loves the child, should only listen to the generous promptings of her affection; but Ella's father must be consulted by way of preliminary, and we know that Mr. Joseelyn is selfish. He would be loth in any case to be parted from his attentive companion; but, to do him justice, he is also alarmed for Ella. So he actually makes his calculations rather from her point of view than from his own. She may catch the fever, no doubt; but there are long odds against that. On the other hand, if she should escape infection, she will certainly win Mr. Aird's eternal gratitude, and so the scheme he has so nearly at heart will be forwarded. And Ella, in blissful unconsciousness, goes about her duties of mercy, with the results on which her father had confidently reckoned, though she reaches the goal of her happiness by a different road. It is in touches like these that Mr. Payn shows the forethought with which he contrives unsuspected intricacies in his plots. For the parts of the plot fall so simply and naturally into their places, that unless we submit them to critical examination, we overlook the care with which they have been planned. Then there is a good deal of interesting byplay when Ella, who has a pretty talent for drawing, is endeavouring to get an honest livelihood by illustrating books and periodicals. And these artistic efforts of hers offer great opportunities to her pair of artist lovers. For Felspar is at least as much in love as Vernon, and we suspect that, as his nature is far deeper and more earnest, the wound in his affections may never be healed. But, like the Spartan boy, he hides his grief under smiles, although we are conscious all the time that it must be gnawing at his vitals; and the resolution with which he nerves himself to apparent indifference is one of the happiest conceptions in an exceedingly clever novel.

#### MASSON'S DE QUINCEY.

AS we differ greatly from the estimate that Professor Masson has formed of De Quincey, both as a man and a writer, we are the more ready to allow that in his little book there is much that is interesting and instructive. At the same time we most heartily wish that it were clear of those faults of style which disfigure so many of the authors of this age. It is astonishing that a man who is so deeply read as Professor Masson in the great English classics should ever be tempted to desert them, and to pass over to the standards of writers who, at their best, are but a set of base imitators. In everything that he writes he has a meaning; for he is incapable, we feel sure, of finding such satisfaction in a mere jingle of fine words as to take no thought for the sense. Nevertheless, we cannot always see that his language can be strictly interpreted. Sometimes, indeed, it is too colloquial. Thus he describes De Quincey's father as "a rather interesting man." Of a little book he says:—"The performance is altogether very creditable." In writing about the effect produced on De Quincey by the story of Aladdin he writes:—"It was a revelation of the universal connexions of things which gave rise to no end of pondering." This over-familiar style is more than counterbalanced by such passages as the following—"over whose mountains the snow had come and gone silently for a thousand winters, and whose valleys had laughed again in equal privacy into shower and sunshine"; "Wilson's magnificent physique and his unapproachable applications of it in pugilistic matches," and his "promises of some unusual form of literary effulgence not yet distinctly featured." What, we may well ask, is the unapproachable application of a physique when it comes to fisticuffs? If one man hits another in the eye or on the nose, that might, perhaps, be called the application of his physique; but then, on the very supposition, it is not an unapproachable application. In what other sense our author may perchance use "unapproachable" it is not our business to inquire. What, we may also ask, is not yet distinctly featured? We suppose that it is neither promises nor effulgence, but only the form of effulgence. Yet the featured form of effulgence has a very strange sound to our ears. In another passage he writes of "De Quincey's discovery of the omnipresence of . . . misery . . . on the skirts of smiling society or actually within its bosom." He is as ill-judged in thus limiting omnipresence by society's skirts, even with its bosom thrown in, as he is in telling us that Edinburgh had a wealth of interesting traditions from the past; as if traditions came from the present or the future. A few lines lower down we read that "an unusual number of persons of greater or less note individually moved among her 130,000 inhabitants." He might quite as well have said that an unusual number of individuals personally moved. After describing some of his hero's "general cha-

racteristics," he thus begins a fresh paragraph:—"It is an important advance to be able to add that De Quincey's writings . . . are all, or almost all, of high quality." What is this advance that is so important? Nothing but the power that the author has of making a certain addition to his statements. In introducing an extract from the *Suspiria* he writes:—"It is perhaps the highest and finest thing, and also the most constitutionally significant, in all De Quincey. Fortunately, the essential core of it can be quoted entire." It is not easy to think of any core that is not essential, for though some animals have many stomachs, none, we believe, have more hearts than one; and this one they most certainly cannot do without. But, passing this over, what strange terms are these that we find in one who sits in judgment on the style of an author, and who tells those who will not fall down and worship the image he has set up that they are deficient in wing and sinew. The essential core of the most constitutionally significant thing in all De Quincey can be quoted entire! If these are the worst errors in language that we can bring against Professor Masson, the reader who is steeped in modern literature may be surprised not only at our censuring them, but even at our discovering them. Had they been met with in a young author fresh from the University, whose reading of the ancients ends with Juvenal and Tacitus, and whose modern reading begins with Mr. Froude and Mr. Swinburne, we should have complimented him on his moderation. But Professor Masson, as we have said, has been trained in another school, and must therefore be held to a stricter account.

We shall not attempt in the narrow space that we have at our disposal to follow him through his general estimate of De Quincey. We must content ourselves with dwelling on one or two points alone. Those who have read Mr. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*—who are they who have not?—will not have forgotten Southey's outburst of passion on the question that Carlyle put to him:—"Do you know De Quincey?" "Yes, sir," said Southey, with extraordinary animosity, "and, if you have opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!" . . . His face, as I looked at it, was become of slate colour, the eyes glancing, the attitude rigid, the figure altogether a picture of Rhadamanthine rage—that is, rage conscious to itself of being just. He doubtless felt I would expect some explanation from him. 'I have told Hartley Coleridge,' said he, 'that he ought to take a strong cudgel, proceed straight to Edinburgh, and give De Quincey, publicly in the streets there, a sound beating—as a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor, base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth for one thing!' Southey's anger had been raised—most justly raised, we hold—by the "Sketches of Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater" that were then coming out in *Tait's Magazine*:—

No portions of the series [writes Professor Masson] attracted greater attention at the time, or excited more wrath in certain quarters, than the digressions upon the recently dead Coleridge and the still living Wordsworth and Southey. Carlyle has told us how Southey, in particular, when he first met him, flamed up on the mention of De Quincey's name, averring that it would be but a proper service to good manners if some one were to go to Edinburgh and thrash the little wretch; and we hear elsewhere of the offence taken also by the Wordsworths and by members of the Coleridge family. Yet, as Carlyle seems to have thought, the complaints were excessive. The amount of personal gossip in the papers was much less than we have been accustomed to since; the "vivisection," what little there was of it, was avowedly for scientific purposes; and no one could deny the generosity of the general estimates. The admiration expressed for Coleridge and Wordsworth all in all, indeed, went beyond what the world even then was willing to accord; and it may be doubted whether we have yet in our literature any more interesting accounts of the philosopher and the poet than those admiring, but sharp-sighted, papers. They and the rest of the articles in the same series were, at all events, most acceptable when they appeared in the pages of *Tait*.

We cannot accept Professor Masson's apology for his hero; on the contrary, we deeply regret that such an apology should come from him. Is De Quincey to be excused because the amount of personal gossip that he wrote was much less than we have been accustomed to since? When a man is one of the first to break down those barriers that are set up for us all by regard for the feelings of others, by respect for the rights of hospitality and friendship, and by that other kind of respect which each must jealously maintain for his own character or else hopelessly fall away, it is a strange kind of doctrine that his guilt is lessened by the still greater excesses into which those have fallen who have followed in his steps. Was Scroogs after this fashion whitewashed by Jeffreys? That these papers were most acceptable when they appeared we can well believe. It is not often that a man gifted as De Quincey was gifted turns a public gossip, and basely and spitefully attacks those from whom he had received nothing but kindness. Professor Masson writes, "Yet, as Carlyle seems to have thought, the complaints were excessive." He forgets, however, that Carlyle states that he had read only one of the papers—that, namely, on Coleridge—and then adds, with a mark of interrogation, "Perhaps there had been other more criminal papers, which Southey knew of and not I?" We have little doubt that though Southey mentioned only the Sketch of Coleridge, his fierce anger was in part due to the far grosser treatment which Wordsworth, his wife, and his sister had experienced from the Opium-eater. With them De Quincey had at one time of his life been on terms of close friendship. "The mile of road," writes Professor Masson, "from his own cottage to Wordsworth's house of Allan Bank was his familiar walk morning and evening from the first, for the sake of Wordsworth's society and also of Coleridge's, so long as Coleridge remained

\* *De Quincey*. By David Masson. "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Wordsworth's guest." Through six or seven years this close intimacy lasted. One of Wordsworth's notes to him ends, "Most tenderly and lovingly, with heavy sorrow for you, my dear friend, I remain yours, W. Wordsworth." De Quincey moved to Edinburgh, and many years later published his Sketch of the household, in which he had once been treated almost as a brother. We admit that he is not sparing in his praises. Professor Masson is fully justified in writing that the admiration expressed for Wordsworth went beyond what the world even then was willing to accord. But because a man, each one of us might say, heaps praise on me which perhaps I do not want, is he justified therefore in holding up for the scoff of the world my failings, and what is far worse, the failings of my wife and of my sister? Perhaps De Quincey in all this was acting merely from a kindness as sagacious as it was unusual. He, the foremost of Coleridge's admirers, as he claimed to be, had found out, he says, that that writer had stolen whole passages from out-of-the-way authors. He blazed his discovery abroad—among other reasons from his desire "to forestall other discoverers who would make a more unfriendly use of the discovery." "I felt," he adds, "that it would break the force of the discovery, as an unmitigated sort of police detection, if first of all it had been announced by one who, in the same breath, was professing an unshaken faith in Coleridge's philosophic power." Discoveries might, in like manner, be made about Wordsworth and his family, but the sagacious friend and the ardent admirer would once more forestall other discoverers, and by the vehemence of his admiration for the poet break the force of whatever failings might be found out in the man, the man's wife, or the man's sister. Professor Masson forgets that, though to "damn with faint praise" is not a bad mode of attack, yet to damn with strong praise is oftentimes a still better. A sneer and a slander more easily make their way when their rise can be traced, not to an open enemy, but to one who is avowedly, and even ostentatiously, a friend. Antony did not weaken the force of the blow that he meant to strike by his protestation that Brutus was an honourable man.

The value that Professor Masson sets on De Quincey's style is, in our opinion, far too high. It has, no doubt, one great merit; it is easy and clear. No one ever has to read a sentence twice in order to catch its meaning. But its ornaments are in excess, and its beauties are too artificial to attract for long. A little of De Quincey is pleasant enough; but a whole volume is much more than we can endure. He is likely to be enjoyed more by young men than by those who have reached middle age; and perhaps is read with most advantage by the students at our Universities. To them Professor Masson's little volume may render somewhat the same service as a guide renders to the youthful mountaineer. It will open to them a new, if a somewhat petty, land, in which they may, with some advantage to themselves, make a few brief explorations.

#### DRAMATIC SINGING.\*

THE condition of the opera in England has for some time been one of the most curious phenomena of modern society. Plutocratism has obtained almost complete possession of the reins, and the result is a species of entertainment which cannot be called either genuinely artistic, dramatic, or musical. The repertory consists chiefly of a dull round of constantly recurring works of that kind in which the shallow fussiness of conventional finales takes the place of genuine dramatic climax, and the commonplace pompous display of theatrical pageantry that of genuine dramatic effect, in which the chorus singing is abominable, the acting uncertain and too often bad, the instrumentation generally poor and quite unworthy of the superb band which is called upon to perform it, and the language one which is sometimes unnatural to the play, often superfluous to the singer, and almost always incomprehensible to ninety per cent. of the audience. The set-off against these disadvantages is a string of seductive tunes and the singing of the most efficient vocalizers to be found in the circumference of the globe.

For these advantages people continue, not only year after year, but decade after decade, to pay simply preposterous prices. Many do so just because the prices are preposterous; some because they would not be in complete comfort in the circle of their acquaintances if the source of chit-chat based on a common apparent interest was to fall short; and some because it is a polite entertainment, and where the upper ten have gone before the next fifty will gladly follow after. So the forces of habit, levity, and vanity all conspire to support the rottenness of this branch of theatrical development, and to suppress any earnest attempt at improvement. In fact, the deterioration of substance has gone on so long that it is beyond the power of the most astute caterer for public improvement to patch it. The whole raiment has got too old and worn, and the ostensibly new pieces of *Lohengrin*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Carmen*, *Mefistofele*, *Il Demonio*, and other less valuable fabrics, which are let in, have only a tendency to make the whole fly to pieces. Most publics do by degrees get tired of the fruits of their own foolishness; and, as this form of edification has had a very long spell, it seems likely that its day is not far from ending, and that an entirely new departure will be adopted.

This appears to be a sad prospect for the only portion of the operatic *habitués* for whom a considerate person will feel a touch of sympathy. There is amongst the inane crowd a group, of diminishing numbers, who take a genuine and intelligent delight in the art of singing, and understand and feel real emotional pleasure of a refined order from its highest manifestations. For these the class of works which have so long had almost complete possession of the boards have one decisive recommendation—in their perfect suitability to the style of a particular school of singers. This school has developed in the course of centuries, by tradition, observation, cultivation, and some reasoning, an elaborate system of vocalization, which admits of almost infinite shades and degrees of perfection in its application. The born singing creature is not a common product; but, when it appears, it has a tendency to be very much before the public; and, as the genuine gift of song is the one of all others which commands the souls of the masses and the purses of the wealthy, there has been plenty of incentive as well as fair opportunity for people to take note of the elements which produce so remarkable a result. In the development of this partly artificial system the field has been narrowed by the tendency of the born singing creature to spring from one part of Europe, and to sing one language, from which such generalizations as were attempted were inevitably drawn. As if to restrict matters yet further, a particular school of opera writers grew up which played in and in with the singers, and considered vocalization and vocal effect before everything else, and to the derogation of everything else. In the early stages, before conventional ossification set in, this resulted often enough in music which was the genuine result of musical feeling; and though the range of development could not be extensive on such terms, the perfect adaptation of the compositions to the requirements of the singers produced works of art capable of being a source of long-continued and refined, if not very deep-seated, enjoyment.

A desire to rouse a wider and more intelligent appreciation of this particular kind of musical enjoyment appears to have led one who evidently belongs to the most reasonable and cultivated class of *habitués* of modern opera to publish a simple analysis of the aspects and elements of what he calls dramatic singing. In this attempt everything but the singing element is to be carefully excluded, and the several attributes and elements of that portion of the art alone are to be quantitatively estimated. In setting out, the writer endeavours to forestall the possible charge of hypercriticism, by protesting that, though he may, by the unwise, be "contemptuously likened to the critic who measured the merits of Garrick's soliloquy with his stop-watch," "the habitual analysis of vocal data need not lead to ridiculous severity in critical examination." This is obviously quite beside the point; for it is not the "ridiculous severity" of such a plan which is objectionable, but its complete inapplicability. However, the writer, in the course of his work, carries sufficient sympathy with him to prove that personally his objects and his enjoyments are alike free from the taint of pedantry; but he cannot, unfortunately, be freed from the charge of helping others to what he escapes himself. The art of music is at present in a peculiarly uncomfortable and unhappy stage of analysis. Mathematicians have begun to find music a pleasant field for interesting and often futile calculations; philosophers for the development of hazardous hypotheses; and a few writers, who are not philosophers, for the building up of reputations for wisdom on the shadowy foundation of public innocence. Consequently, it is easy and natural for people to pick up all sorts of elementary theories and a few facts, and thereby to make a show of refinement and cultivation by criticizing works of art and artistic performances from a ridiculously trivial point of view. This is, no doubt, a necessary stage in public education, as it is in the development of individuals; but it is not a happy one, and works which supply them with matters whose very nature suggests misapplication can do little more than lead them further astray.

The outline of the system proposed is as follows. The essential vocal attributes are first divided into compass, volume, sustained power, equality of power throughout the entire vocal range, quality, tellingsness, certainty, and freshness. Each of these is discussed separately, and a little incidental information is put in on any interesting facts connected with them, and then taking zero to represent average powers, plus and minus numbers are given to express the amount of relative value of each "essential attribute" in the sum total. Vocalization is then dealt with in the same way, dividing it off into intonation, time or rhythm, production of voice or articulation, flexibility or fluency, transition from chest voice to falsetto, and vocal style or embellishment. Finally, the elements of dramatic expression are divided into the just adaptation of style to the nature of the sentiment signified, the adaptation of style to the character portrayed, and the appropriateness of delivery to the national style of music. The first in this last division is a very important point indeed, and practically includes the second; and they, taken together and formulated with a little more breadth and comprehensiveness, might well make a subject for a valuable and interesting work a good deal larger than the entire volume under consideration. But here the means taken for bringing the matter home to the reader are chiefly the quoting of a number of "vocalizing feats," examples of drinking songs, tender songs, and love songs, from works such as *Marta*, *Norma*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Traviata*, *Lurline*, *Trovatore*, *Favorita*, and a few of better stamp, and possibly some of the opposite, and leaving the anxious student to apply his plus and

\* *Dramatic Singing, Physiologically Estimated.* By Walter Hayle Walshe, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.



minus numbers according to the lights of his own helplessness. The sum total of the theory is, that dramatic singing may be divided off into seventeen attributes, to which different numerical values may be assigned in supposed conformity with their relative importance; the entire collection, amounting to +172 for supreme efficiency in every department, and -171 for the supreme reverse. At the outset this appears a serious matter for the critic of musical dramatic performances; and the only outlook which appears possible for people of earnest disposition is to give up librettos or scores, and take with them to the opera a slate, or some well and widely ruled foolscap paper with the names of the performers written conveniently; and as they successively go through their allotted task, jot down, with a view to striking a fair average, the amount of plus and minus attributable to the singers' respective capacities or incapacities, with a distinct recollection that each attribute is relative to sixteen others, to all of which numbers varying in amount have been assigned. The opera-goer will also have to consider further that no singer ever sang at quite the same level every night, and that one part of the same performance may be languid, and another at a strong pitch of dramatic vigour. But it is hardly possible that half a dozen critics all present at fifty performances of half a dozen identical singers would be able to agree at the end on the amounts to be assigned for each attribute to each singer, and if they could, it is difficult to see what they would gain by it. An impresario would not engage an artist chosen on such terms, and a musician asked to accept a judgment so arrived at would probably shrug his shoulders. The impracticability of the scheme is manifest on other grounds. It emphasizes the singing part of the performance beyond its due measure. It treats the matter in a form which few of the class who frequent the particular kind of entertainment as at present constituted are likely to trouble themselves with, while people who are seriously inclined will either find it too elementary and superficial, or think that the assigning of numerical equivalents is quite as open to disagreement in detail as unassisted personal feeling is in general. Moreover, if the book is really intended "for persons devoid of musical education" to enable them "to determine the mechanism and gauge the justness of effects agreeable or the reverse produced on their emotion and intellect by the music declaimed or sung," it must be answered that the treatment of the various points is not full enough, or particular enough, to enable them to make just estimate of the points to be considered, and could not be made effective in anything like the limits given. And, lastly, the most vital point of all is really left almost untouched. The highest achievements of dramatic singing come from the indefinable power of the rare ideal artist, gifted with soul, intelligence, penetration, and nervous force, who has the supreme gift to realize emotionally the highest dramatic purpose of the composer and the poet, and so to balance the situations of the drama in their relative prominence and importance in the unfolding of the story, and to vary the force of accent and the relation of phrase in the declamation at the most prominent crises in the action, as to make the hearer feel them in his own person. These are things to which the attributes discussed in the book are of secondary importance, and the idea of assigning to them numerical values in relative proportion seems preposterous. The other attributes must be present in due proportion almost as a *sine quâ non*; and if they are, it is quite superfluous to give them such minute attention in any genuine artistic performance, while if they are not, the matter is superfluous altogether. For the rest, the writer is clearly highly cultivated in various directions, experienced in matters concerning the art of singing, and familiar with Messrs. Helmholtz, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and the classics; and, while possessed of wonderful capacity for the appreciation of what is good, rather indiscriminate both in his admiration and in his choice of test examples. The book does, as before observed, arouse sympathy not a little, especially in parts which deal with things generally and without assigning numerical equivalents. The description of sensations derived from a first hearing of the *Vorspiel of Lohengrin* is interesting, and so also are some words upon the relation between the speculations of mathematicians and the inspiration of composers. In some places the writer seems almost to call up evidence against himself, as when he quotes, with reference to the power of singers over their audience, "*Si vis me flere, primum dolendum est tibi.*" To this a numerical equivalent might be theoretically, but scarcely practically, applied. In another place he says, "The intellect in truth plays a governing part in the proper delivery of emotional song the same in essence as, though less in degree than, in the inventions of the composer." For this and some correlative matters there appear to be no numerical values assigned.

There are many remarks and criticisms which are just in conception and clear in statement, and it seems probable that, if the space given to the consideration of numerical equivalents had been occupied by more of the same calibre, the work as a whole would have been of more general value, as well as of more attractive quality.

#### A YEAR IN FIJI.\*

MR. HORNE'S book is something as little as possible like ordinary accounts of new countries, or a new account of

an old one which some fluent writer feels called upon to describe again. *A Year in Fiji* is not full of Mr. Horne's personal adventures, his house, his dog, and his servants, to the exclusion of anything like solid information about the country. On the contrary, the writer has been so entirely intent on collecting and then conveying the most useful information of all kinds, that the readableness of his book has considerably suffered. He probably never intended it for light reading. His object in visiting Fiji was a strictly practical one. In 1877 Mr. Horne was invited by Sir Arthur Gordon to visit the islands, not, as it would seem, for the express purpose of making a report of any kind, but doubtless with hopes on the part of the Governor that something of the sort would come of it. Mr. Horne had been Director of Woods and Forests in Mauritius for sixteen years, and was then about to return home on leave with a sort of commission from the Chamber of Agriculture "to select and forward whatever new and suitable specimens of canes he could find in the different islands lying on his route." For this purpose a visit to Fiji could not fail to be very useful, and Mr. Horne spent the year there, of which this book gives the results. He obviously availed himself of his opportunities in a most conscientious manner. The island of Ovalau was his starting-point, and he continually returned to it for fresh departures. The very clear map which is prefixed to the book is covered with red lines marking the journeys of Mr. Horne; and they cover the whole archipelago like a spider's web, with its centre at Ovalau. Of course, as a friend of the Governor, the author travelled with every assistance, and had every opportunity of seeing the people and the country. We hope to be able to show that Mr. Horne has used these opportunities so as to make a most useful book; but unfortunately it is, as we have already hinted, not very light reading. The author goes straight ahead, taking everything as it turned up, and giving copious information about it, but all a little too much in the style of an official report. It would be hard to put a question as to the products and capabilities of the Fijian Archipelago to which Mr. Horne has not supplied an answer; but we cannot promise readers who like their intellectual food to be carefully sweetened for them much pleasure out of *A Year in Fiji*. To be sure, the author may reply that it is not his business to be amusing, but to supply Government officials, traders, and colonists with information likely to be useful to them, and that more amusing writers may be trusted to draw on his stores. Nevertheless, some attention to the graces, particularly a little more symmetry, would not have hurt the solid qualities of Mr. Horne's book in any way.

Of the natural capabilities of this the last-acquired of our possessions—now that the Transvaal has ceased to hold that position—Mr. Horne gives a very favourable account. He repeatedly mentions finding tracts of land well fitted for growing sugar, coffee, or cotton, and his summing up of the qualities of the soil is that it is very productive. Trading missionaries, "beach-combers," and cannibal savages are none of them very agreeable or useful persons; but we may be grateful to them for the possession of Fiji. It was almost wholly due to their combined exertions for the production of mischief that the Archipelago fell into our hands. The islands have not only a fertile soil and a variety of useful productions, but are well supplied with deep-water harbours, which are likely to be equally a source of wealth. One place in particular—Savu-Savu, in the island of Vanua Levu—seems to be an almost ideal spot for the construction of a great trading port. It has even got a mangrove swamp joining the two islands in the bay, "probably the crater of an extinct volcano," which looks as if it had been expressly intended for a dry dock. Even the climate of Fiji is admirable, in spite of its tropical character. Malarial fevers and other diseases common in nearly all tropical countries are almost unknown. The sufferings of new comers, who are said to be subject to dysentery, are attributed by Mr. Horne to change of diet and "careless living," which, having regard to the character of most of the new comers up to a very recent date, is probably a gentle way of indicating the excessive use of strong drinks. The diseases of the natives, of which elephantiasis seems to be the most common, are probably the result of dirty habits, and perhaps an inheritance from the old times of cannibalism. To be sure even Fiji has drawbacks to its climate, at least for white settlers. European workmen can work in the open air all the year round, which is a rare thing in a tropical climate; but that, unfortunately, only means that they can do so if able to display the necessary energy; and for nearly half the year the effort is more than can be expected of any white man. It is not very easy to see how anybody can be expected to work from October to May when "the least exertion brings the perspiration in streams out of the body," and "the least amount of clothing is burdensome and oppressive." After all, the fine climate of Fiji is only fine in a tropical sense. A white workman is a little less likely to die there than elsewhere in the tropics. The labour of the islands will always have to be done by the natives.

As the old races of the archipelago, which do not seem to be dying out before the whites as the inhabitants of other islands in the Pacific are, will always remain indispensable to its prosperity, it is interesting to see what their character is, or is likely to become as modified by European influences. To judge from Mr. Horne's account, they are already very different from their well-established reputation for savagery and cannibalism. It is difficult to reconcile his picture with very recent stories of cruelty and fanaticism—acquired along with a taste for ardent spirits from the interior kinds of missionaries—which have come

\* *A Year in Fiji; or, an Inquiry into the Botanical, Agricultural, and Economical Resources of the Colony.* By John Horne, F.L.S., &c. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1881.

from thence. In all probability such stories have grown considerably on the journey. However that may be, the impression of the Fijians left by reading *A Year in Fiji* is that of a mild indolent race, exceptionally amenable to discipline, and open to the influences of civilization of a better kind than the vice of drunkenness and the habit of excitedly howling Methodist hymns. Mention is made of old hill forts now become useless, or utilized as police stations, since the English rule put a stop to the murderous tribal wars. We hear also of marauders from the hills who raided on the settlements, and whom the colonists guarded against by the fatal expedient of cutting down the woods which gave them shelter. These raids have apparently come to an end, which is unfortunately far from being the case with the ill effects of the destruction of the forests. The races of the islands have loyally accepted the English rule; and Mr. Horne absolutely met a chief who even in these times was proud of being a Briton. Perhaps the author takes a rather discreetly favourable official view of the sentiments of the Fijians; but in the main his opinion that they are well satisfied with things as they are would appear to be well founded. The good sense of the English rulers, who interfere as little as possible with the native organization, has much to do with their contentment. And, indeed, that organization would seem to be admirably made to the hand of an intelligent governing power. Mr. Horne gives an interesting description of it, which has a curious resemblance to the primitive institutions of peoples much nearer home. The whole is based on the village or "Koro," with its chief, the Turaga ni Koro. Several villages are united under a Buli, and these again are united into circles under a chief or Roko Tui. The English Governor has taken the place of the king over all. The village chief is assisted by a council, the chiefs of districts hold monthly meetings, and the greater chiefs, with two Bulis chosen from each province, and the native stipendiary magistrates, meet the Governor yearly in the great council, Bose vaka Turaga, to discuss national affairs in a parliamentary way. The whole reads, allowing for the difference of the names, like some passage from Dr. Stubbs on the early condition of a Teutonic nation. The likeness is made more obvious by the fact that the various native offices are hereditary in certain families, from which the immediate holders are elected by the village or district council. The people whom Mr. Horne met seem all to have been kindly and well disposed, a disposition which was probably partly due to the fact that he carried strong letters of recommendation from the Governor. On one occasion, at Vuni Sawani, he found himself likely to be stopped for want of bearers, the men of the village being absent at some work and not likely to return for days; but the women, "to show that their town should not be wanting in the accustomed hospitality to strangers," took their place, and were grateful at the end of the journey for a small present of tobacco. Heathenism is dead, or at least has sunk out of sight. The chiefs are eager to get education for their children, and he of Loma-Loma has advanced to such a high point of civilization as to have established a respectable botanical garden. Even the savage Tonguese are becoming tamed. All the inhabitants of the islands are good sailors, and give plenty of employment to the boat-builders. On the subject of the white settlers Mr. Horne is sparing of comment. He says enough, however, to show that the old beach-comber and vagabond element, which has been the pest of the Pacific Islands, is still too strong in Fiji. Time and the strong hand of English government will probably weed the class out in a generation or so, if they will not be drilled into some degree of usefulness. The advantages which the cultivation of different tropical produce offers to capital is already attracting a better class of settlers.

A Director of Woods and Forests has naturally a great deal to say on the subject of the forests of Fiji. Several passages of Mr. Horne's book, and nearly all the six appendices, are devoted to the past treatment of the trees of the islands and the steps to be taken in the future to prevent their total disappearance. It would seem to be the case with our rule everywhere, from the middle of the Pacific to the end of the Mediterranean, that, as soon as we have stopped the natives from cutting one another's throats, we have to stop them from cutting down the trees. Fiji is no exception to the rule. The natives are wasteful and careless, and, though the vegetation is rapid in the tropical climate, the more valuable trees tend to disappear. The white traders have been almost criminally reckless, particularly as regards the sandalwood. This noble tree has been so stupidly wasted by the old traders of semi-piratical renown that it will now have to be restored by careful Government superintendence. The process will be a long one, as the tree requires from sixty to seventy years to come to maturity. It is satisfactory to see that the Governor has employed Mr. Horne to draw up a scheme for the re-wooding of the islands, which will probably produce the desired effect, and not the less effectually that it provides for interesting the natives in the results. Besides sandalwood, the islands produce more than twenty different kinds of useful timber, all of which Government is taking care to foster. It is also exerting itself to instruct the natives and the more ignorant settlers in better methods of cultivation. Altogether, Mr. Horne's book shows that, if Fiji is only severely let alone by philanthropists and reformers for another half-century, it will become a very valuable possession, and produce coffee, cotton, sugar, and so forth, to a very respectable figure of millions.

## AUSTIN'S SAVONAROLA.\*

MR. AUSTIN tells us in his preface that he formed the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Savonarola seventeen years ago. Haste, therefore, cannot be pleaded in extenuation of any of the shortcomings which we may find in it. Further, the author insists that the true drama is that which is written to be acted, and which is to be judged, "not by individuals sitting solitary in their closets, but by crowds assembled in the theatre." Here, then, is a play written expressly for the stage by an author of distinction; and as a play suitable for representation it must stand or fall. That such is Mr. Austin's wish—we might almost say ambition—is clear from the concluding sentence of his preface:—

Whether *Savonarola* will ever be acted I know not. But, at the risk of being reproached with presumption, I will confess that I wrote with the intention, nay, the hope, of proffering it as a humble contribution to the dignity of the English stage. I may share the regret, which others will doubtless entertain, that the task did not fall into worthier hands. But I have at least endeavoured to accommodate myself to the legitimate demands of the existing theatre, and, as far as in me lies, to lessen that estrangement between literature and the stage which I am surely not alone in thinking is a reproach and a detriment to both.

We fully agree with Mr. Austin in regretting that so few literary men write for the stage nowadays, and that fewer still succeed in getting their plays represented. This, however, is, to a great extent, their own fault. The difficulty of persuading a manager to accept a new piece by a new writer has become almost a commonplace. Nor is it to be wondered at that a man of business—for the management of a theatre is, after all, as much a matter of business as the conduct of any other commercial enterprise—should hesitate for a long while before risking his capital. And yet aspirants for dramatic fame persist in increasing this difficulty by presenting works of such a character that nobody except the sovereign of a wealthy kingdom would dream of mounting them. Here, for instance, is a tragedy in five long acts, with a list of characters enumerating thirty-three speaking persons, besides a crowd of officers, citizens, soldiers, and monks of different orders, all of whom would have to be habited correctly, or not presented at all; for the author makes no secret of his desire to exhibit a series of pictures of life at Florence at one of the most interesting periods of her history. Again, scenes such as the "Burning of the Vanities" in the Piazza del Signoria, with the subsequent condemnation of the conspirators who have been plotting the return of the Medici, the attack on the convent of San Marco, and the final execution of Savonarola, would tax the resources of the largest and best appointed stage in Europe. And this brings us to another point. The writing of a play is, to a certain extent, like the painting of a picture. It requires technical knowledge. Artists spend years in trying to acquire this knowledge; and until it has been acquired they do not presume to exhibit their works to the public. Writers for the stage, on the contrary, sometimes appear to think that this knowledge may be dispensed with. We have heard amateur actors cut short a tedious rehearsal with the consoling reflection, "It will all come right at night"; and some of our modern dramatic writers act in a very similar fashion. They do not study either the methods by which their conceptions must be presented to the public, or the limits imposed by stage convention and stage necessity. From what Mr. Austin says in the passage which we have quoted above, we expected that we should have no fault to find with him on this score; and yet, in Act iv., the following scenes are directed to succeed each other. The act opens with the "Piazza del Duomo," which would require the whole depth of the stage; this is succeeded by "A Street in Florence," which is evidently not what is called in theatrical phrase a "carpenters' scene," for the houses are "practicable," with doors that open and shut, and window-shutters that are flung open to indicate afternoon, and crowds of people come and go; and, lastly, we are taken to the "Piazza of San Marco," another scene occupying the whole stage. We should like to know how Mr. Austin proposes to arrange these elaborate "sets" without wearying the audience by frequent falls of the curtain. We feel sure that authors are too prone to disregard the importance of the scenic arrangements which their works involve. This disregard, however, not seldom causes the refusal of their piece, which they attribute to the greed of a parsimonious manager, while it is really due to their own ignorance of what is as indispensable for a play as a knowledge of colour and composition is for a picture.

There are, however, other considerations which, we fear, will militate against the favourable reception of *Savonarola* as an acted play. A play to be successful on the stage must above all be interesting. As the elder Dumas cleverly puts it, "Premier acte clair, cinquième acte court, et de l'intérêt partout." In other words, the interest of the audience must be excited at the outset, and then subdivided so dexterously that whenever the drop-curtain falls they may be left in suspense, eagerly waiting for it to rise again. An interesting story, however, is not all that is necessary; the characters, or at any rate the leading ones, must be sympathetic. Without this no elaboration of plot, no introduction of the element of suspense, no luxury of historic illustration, will save the piece from well-merited condemnation. Mr. Austin's play is, to our mind, neither interesting nor sympathetic. There is little or no story in it, and no single character would enlist the sympathy of an audience

\* *Savonarola. A Tragedy.* By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.



for five minutes. The first act promises well. The opening scene with Lorenzo dei Medici, sound in mind but weak in body, striving to bear himself as usual towards his friends; the succeeding scene, where the Florentines are hoping for his accustomed presence at their carnival; and the last scene of the act, where he vainly appeals to Savonarola for his blessing, are all striking pictures; but they lead to nothing. Between the first and second acts Lorenzo dies; and Savonarola, though he appears in each succeeding act, excites only that distant sort of admiration which a spectator feels for a comet, or a meteor, or any other strange portent remote from the ordinary paths of humanity. We had hoped, from a few words spoken by Lorenzo in the first scene, that something was to be made of his betrothal of the fair Candida Donati to his friend Tornabuoni, whom she does not love; and of the contrast between his passion and the sober suit of Valori, whom she does love. These personages have the required elements of interest and sympathy; but the author has let slip the opportunity of developing them, and has shown the lady in a somewhat odious and unnatural light, by making her practically responsible for Tornabuoni's death, when a word to Valori would have saved him from the scaffold. As for the other persons, they have so little individuality that we have been repeatedly compelled, while reading the play, to turn to the *dramatis personæ* in order to see whether they were partisans of the Medici, or Piagnoni, or Arrabbiati. Spini, Salvati, Capponi, all talk in the same language; and the speeches put into their mouths might be transposed without rendering the scenes in which they appear more obscure than the author has made them. He is at his best when putting before us some historic tableau, in no way connected with the feeble story which runs haltingly through his play. Such is the scene of the "Burning of the Vanities" in the third act, which is exceedingly dramatic and humorous. Unfortunately, however, it impedes the action, and therefore, when judged by the standard set up by Mr. Austin himself, must be unreservedly condemned. The speeches of Savonarola, again, considered merely as rhetorical declamation, are very good. Take, for instance, his denunciation of the Florentines celebrating their carnival in front of the Duomo:—

What do you here, you pagan roysterers,  
Roaring around the pillars of God's House  
Your lewd fantastic canticles? The Sword  
Hangs by a thread and is about to fall,  
To fall, ay, and on Florence. Put off quick  
Your carnal garments, and make haste to don  
The sackcloth of repentance, triflers all!  
That, Christians called, are worse than infidel,  
Blasphemers, usurers, slaves to fleshly lusts,  
Mortgaged to Hell, whom Christ would fain redeem.  
Blessed are they that weep! you only laugh.  
Shameless as Sodom are ye, and as deaf,  
Seeing no star in the East! Accursed be  
Your obscene songs and foul frivolities!  
Accursed they that writ and they that sing,  
Accursed in their offspring and their doom!  
The Sword of the Lord is sharpened, and your necks  
Shall feel the smiting of its edge. How long,  
How long shall I implore you, Florentines?

These are vigorous verses, and did they bear in any way on the story, would produce a fine impression. The truth is that one capital defect underlies the whole play. Mr. Austin has made the common mistake of those who try their hand at historic drama; he has kept the real and the fictitious personages far too distinct. Historic events are generally interesting on the stage only in proportion to the influence which they exert on the persons of the author's own creating. It is rare to find events sufficiently dramatic in themselves to stand alone as the foundation of a play. If, however, the author is able to devise a plot involving sympathetic persons, whose fortunes are made or marred by historic events and historic persons, his work is pretty sure to be successful. Instances of this are rare on our own stage, though common enough elsewhere. Shakespeare's "Histories" illustrate our meaning to some extent, for they have lost their popularity precisely for the reason that there is too much history and too little fiction in them. The audiences of his day delighted to see events, not so very distant from their own time, represented just as they believed them to have happened, without addition or alteration. He, however, when treating a subject at a safe distance, like the reign of King John, allowed his fancy to invent, under the guise of history, some of the most pathetic scenes on the stage. In French dramatic literature there are many excellent examples of the mode of treatment that we have attempted to indicate. Take, for instance, Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia*, which we cite not because it is the ablest of his dramas, but because it is the one best known. He contrives to make his play intensely interesting without once violating probability. His heroine may never have had a son; but, on the given conditions, she might have had one; and, again, contemporary writers have given her numerous lovers. The plot, therefore, in which Victor Hugo involves her does not disturb our conception of the traditional Lucrezia, but only sets before us herself, and the time in which she lived, with terrible force and reality. In some such way, we think, Mr. Austin might have treated Savonarola; in other words, he might have shown him influencing, and influenced by, the personages of the plot, instead of remaining external to them. At any rate, such a mode of treatment would have given us realities, instead of a set of puppets.

## THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.\*

IT was with some misgivings that we learnt from the preface that the first part of this novel, together with passages in the second and third parts, had been published in a magazine as early as 1872, whilst the rest now appears for the first time. Such a disjointed method of publication would naturally suggest a certain scrappiness of treatment, and is, indeed, hardly consistent with the orderly and artistic development of a well-matured plot. We will say at once that our misgivings were, to a certain extent, justified. The work is somewhat scrappy, and the chief incident on which the story turns is both feeble and improbable; but, for all that, *The Dinky House at Kensington* is a very good novel. Moreover, good as it is, it gives promise of something better; the faults are those of inexperience, and will no doubt tend to disappear as the writer gains more knowledge of her craft, and are perhaps partly owing to the circumstances under which the book appears; whilst the merits are the rare ones of strong grasp of character, and, above all, of great sympathy with the humour and pathos of commonplace life; and these are qualities which are certainly more valuable to the novelist than the power of elaborating an ingenious plot.

We have assumed that the author is a woman, and this, indeed, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that the book essentially consists of the loves and sorrows of a very simple maiden, whose innocent thoughts and ways are described with a fulness of knowledge to which no masculine writer could pretend. It is in the portrayal of this simple maiden, and of her most dreary life, that the author shows her real strength. The sympathy is so vivid, the insight is so true, that Polly Dawson becomes a living figure, and fills the reader with the love and respect that a really good woman always inspires, even in the most hardened masculine bosom. Polly Dawson is the only daughter of a prosperous attorney, who, although really very well off, has acquired such a confirmed habit of screwing and pinching that he makes himself and his family perfectly miserable. This sleek and respectable miser is, after Polly, the best character in the story. The one affection of his life is for his sickly son; but so strong is the ruling passion that he cannot bring himself to afford those comforts and luxuries which would save his son's life. The struggle between affection and a habit which has become an irresistible instinct is very well described, and makes one forgive the excessive sweetness of the son, who is a mere puppet, strangely lacking in the vivid reality of most of the other figures. He is a kind of little Dombey grown bigger, and one assists at his funeral with a feeling that he was destined to end thus from the very beginning, and that he might have been rather quicker about it. Nemesis, however, overtakes the father in the shape of a second wife; his first one, who is rather a good character, having followed her son to the grave with commendable alacrity, more, apparently, because she was in the way of the development of the story than from any definite illness. Mr. Dawson, having thus obtained his liberty, makes use of it in the foolish manner that is common enough even in people who ought to know better. He falls in love with an extremely haughty and impecunious beauty, who is induced to marry him as an alternative to starvation. So blindly infatuated is he with his wife, who never conceals her contempt and aversion for him, that he actually almost launches out into extravagance on her account, and then flies to reckless speculation to satisfy his outraged love of money. This ends in the way that seems inevitable in novels. Mr. Dawson is ruined, and is found dead one morning in his study—whether he dies of suicide or of simple disappointment is not clearly stated. So Polly is left all alone in the world, as her stepmother immediately departs to the West Indies, and is heard of no more in the story.

It is one of the weak points of the plot that the father's misfortunes have nothing in particular to do with Polly's own peculiar troubles. The two stories pursue their way side by side, but have no influence one upon the other. It is true that Polly is left poor and lonely when her father dies; but then he never allowed her any money when he was alive, nor did he ever look after her in any way, so his death causes no alteration in her condition. So little had she been looked after that she had, without her father's knowledge, though quite innocently, struck up a violent friendship with a young gentleman who walks with her, lends her books, and improves her mind, and generally is her guide, philosopher, and friend. Of course she falls in love with this young gentleman, who eventually is so touched by the spectacle of her devotion that he actually proposes to her. In consequence, however, of one of the most irritating and impossible misunderstandings that we have ever met with in fiction, she breaks off the engagement, and at last, in her misery and loneliness, accepts a devoted lover who has proposed to her at odd moments from the beginning of the book. All this has happened before her father dies—an event which, as we mentioned before, has no influence one way or another upon her fortunes. Robert Welch, the persevering lover, is another well-drawn character. He is a most excellent young man, hard-working and intelligent in his business, and with a capacity for unselfish and chivalrous devotion which earns him the undying gratitude of Polly, together with many vows that she will devote her life to making him happy. But, in spite of all her gratitude, she cannot bear the thought of marrying him. She feels it is very wrong of her,

\* *The Dinky House at Kensington*. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

but she simply cannot stand his society when he is making love to her, and this he is always doing whenever he has the chance. For this terrible young man, in spite of all his goodness and chivalry, is one of the dullest and most prosaic of human beings; and Polly, to her cost, has derived from her countless walks and talks with her other lover a tinge of literature and an interest in high matters, which can find nothing to satisfy them in the artless conversation of Robert Welch. The mingled comedy and tragedy of this dreadfully real situation have been finely hit off by our author:—

She heard Robert's footstep; she knew it well enough. He ran up the steps blithely and quickly, let himself in with a latch-key, and hung up his hat in the hall, whistling all the time, while she listened keenly and curiously. Then he looked in on the chance of Polly's being in the parlour, and, seeing her, burst in, thin and sallow, with his coat, as usual, a size too large for him, his arms looking unnaturally long, and his kind, bony face, lighted up with good humour and satisfaction. "Oh, Polly!" he exclaimed, "have the old folks really gone? How nice you look!" and he rushed forward, and she tried not to feel like a martyr, and to think that it was all quite right and natural, and she ought to submit, and she would. "Oh, Polly!" he went on, in a tone of rapture, "look at the cloth laid just for us two. Doesn't it make you think—?"

"Yes, Robert," she said, dutifully. "You had better go and wash your hands," she added, in the practical manner that seldom failed her when she was with Robert.

"All right, darling;" but he lingered by the door, still looking with satisfaction at the dinner table. "I know what I'll do," he said, in the tone of one to whom a brilliant idea had suddenly occurred; "I'll put our two places close together. You shall sit here just round this corner;" and taking up the knife and fork that had been laid at the opposite end for Polly, he proceeded to place them. "And I'll move the table-spoons and salt-cellar, and then we can spoon between the courses."

"No, you mustn't," she said, desperately. "Do leave the things alone. What would Harriet think?"

Of course things come right in the end; the silly misunderstanding is cleared up, poor Robert Welch is thrown over, and the guide, philosopher, and friend condescends to put the finishing touch to Polly's education by marrying her himself. This noble conduct seems to quite make amends for the mean way in which he allowed what he must have known was a mistake to separate him from the girl to whom he had just proposed. Indeed, as he makes no effort to clear up the misunderstanding, or even to see his beloved, one can only suppose that he was rather glad to get out of the engagement. However, they get married at last, and live happily ever afterwards; poor Robert Welch being allowed the cold comfort of an occasional visit as a trusted friend.

Such is the simple story of Polly's life—a story in itself uneventful, commonplace indeed where it is not improbable, but still profoundly interesting in that it seems the story of a real woman, and of one that one cannot help loving. And of all the imagined uses of novels, there is none more incontestable than the good that is done by awakening sympathy with the fortunes and misfortunes of the ordinary human beings who surround us. There is an infinite pathos in the dreary and monotonous existences of average women; creatures sometimes foolish and sometimes ignorant, but often good with a goodness that seems beyond the power of men; and with a patient cheerfulness that is proof against all boredom, and a quiet courage that bears them safely through the tragedies of death and of disappointed love, which alone have power to stir the peaceful dulness of their days. Of such women Polly Dawson is a typical example. Raised somewhat above the average in intelligence by intercourse with a cultivated egotist, she pays for this superiority over her fellows by being unable to accept the common lot and to marry a worthy and stupid man to whom she can devote the accumulated goodness of a lifetime. That she is made happy in the end is, of course, a mere novelistic necessity. We ourselves have no doubt that the adored egotist forgot all about her and married somebody else, whilst she cheered a lonely old age by brooding over his manifold perfections.

In conclusion, we cannot too highly praise the healthy tone of the whole story. Although the drawing of the characters is both thorough and delicate, it is commendably free from that super-subtle analysis of hidden motives that makes many modern novels so indescribably tedious. The style is good throughout; simple, bright, and unaffected, and happily devoid of any pretence at "word-painting." It sounds incredible, but we do not recollect a single description of a sunset. Praise can no further go.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### IV.

WE cannot say that the Christmas books this year show any marked improvement on the taste of the past. The books for boys are perhaps rather more readable; for Mr. Henty, especially, has the art of making his stories "go"; and, if the pictures are no better, they are no worse than usual. The babies' books—the paper books for the nursery—are more numerous than ever; and Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Crane, and Miss Greenaway have set such good examples that the illustrations are greatly improved. If any Christmas books ever come to be collected and admired, and sold for vast prices at future sales, as old chapbooks sometimes are today, the nursery books will be not unlikely to survive. But the "table books" do not improve. They neither contain more literature than in the past, nor are they much less garishly covered (though here, perhaps, there are traces of improvement), nor are the pictures more worth looking at. Messrs. Bickers have published what might have been a really beautiful book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with copies of Stothard's illustrations. The size is handy;

the binding is stamped vellum, with a pleasant air of antiquity combined with cleanliness. The type is clear and good, the paper very respectable, and with uncut edges; but—Stothard's prints are reproduced by photography, the ordinary brown, glossy photographs. Now Stothard's manner was quite out of keeping with the pseudo-antiquity of the stamped vellum, and glossy photographs are equally out of keeping with antiquity and with the manner of Stothard. Woodcuts like Bennett's in the old non-American style, with bold lines in black and white, would have been the fitting illustrations for this volume. If Stothard's inventions were to be used (and none can be more gracefully pretty), one of the new methods of reproduction in facsimile should have been employed. These considerations will not probably prevent this handsome and incongruous volume from being popular. But the new *Pilgrim's Progress* shows how shaky and fallible is modern taste in decorating books, after all the attempts that have been made to lighten the darkness of publishers.

*The Tyne and its Tributaries* (W. T. Palmer, Bell and Sons).—Mr. Palmer is responsible both for the literature—not "letterpress"—and for the woodcuts of this beautiful volume with a worthy subject. Among the woodcuts we may notice a very mutilated "Supposed Roman Sculpture of River God of North Tyne." The Tyne's northerly springs are in Roxburghshire, over the Border. The same marsh gives birth to Tyne, flowing south, and Liddel, flowing through northern Liddesdale. Mr. Palmer gives a most characteristic engraving of the "dour" Presbyterian scenery, black hill and sour flats in which Tyne has its source. Mr. Palmer has some by no means familiar stories of the old Borderers who stocked their farms with sword and spear. The Robsons, a clan still powerful near the scene of the Raid of the Reidswire, once rather hastily stole a flock of scabbed sheep from the Grahams. Justly indignant, they made another raid, and caught seven Grahams, whom they hanged, to encourage the others, and warned them "next time gentlemen came to take their sheep, they were no to be scabbit." But here we are only at the beginning of a book full of fascination for all Borderers, and all lovers of rivers. We earnestly commend Mr. Palmer's volume to the people of the North, and to all anglers and amateurs of ballads. Some day, we hope, he will illustrate Tweed, a subject more magnificent than even Tyne. This is much too good and permanently valuable a book to be forgotten in the crowd of Christmas novelties.

*Living Painters of France and England* (Remington and Libraire de l'Art).—The etchings in this handsome volume have already appeared in *L'Art*. Here is Mr. Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard" (Waltner) and Mongin's "Lecture chez Diderot," after M. Meissonier. Mr. Macbeth etches his own "Landing Sardines." There are twelve other etchings of favourite modern pictures, and some pages of letterpress.

*T. Pym's Outlines for the Little Ones to Colour* is a series of pretty outline-drawings on rough grey paper, which will take colour very well. We scarcely know of any better present for children with a turn for dabbling in water-colour—that is, for all children.

*The Fireside* (edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. "Home Words" Publishing Office).—Every kind of story and poem has found its way into this volume of *The Fireside*; but the leading tale is from the pen of Mrs. Marshall. This lady, whose energy is untiring, is a great favourite with many readers. Her books are full of pleasant domestic scenes, and her minutely described costumes are a challenge to all feminine minds. Some, disposed to cavil, might suggest that a more suitable trimming than cream-coloured lace might be found for a beaver hat; while others would possibly say that Dr. Andrew Clarke and Mr. Richmond, R.A., had better be introduced under other names than their own. But these things, like the real soap and water used in a play, give an air of truth to the whole.

*Great Heights gained by Steady Efforts* (Rev. T. P. Wilson, Nelson).—One out of the two examples of perseverance in this book is unhappily chosen. It might be possible for a stupid workhouse boy of sixteen to develop, by plodding, into a clergyman of twenty-four; but no amount of efforts, however "steady," could implant a genius for drawing like that of Sarah Jones if the genius were not already there. We admired the courage of the author in giving his heroine such a name, even though we were quite certain she was not destined to go through life with it. And so, indeed, it proved, for without any efforts—steady or otherwise—on her part, the founding Sarah Jones, adopted child of a carpenter, turns out to be Grace Manton, only daughter of a baronet. Religion is obtruded far too much upon the reader, and the conversation of the young officer who talks of his conversion will only too probably have an effect opposite to what the writer intended.

*The Leisure Hour* (London).—Miss Bird's travels in Japan have afforded matter for some very interesting quotations and observations. The long story, "Will he no' come back again," by Miss Saxby, is hardly up to the usual mark, nor is the shorter one, "Misjudged," much better. The rest of the volume is, however, carefully compiled, and will wile away many long evenings.

*St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine* (conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge, Warne).—*St. Nicholas* is always delightful, and it contains this year a most fresh and original story of camping out, called "Mystery in a Mansion." There are one or two sketches from Mrs. Oliphant's unwearied pen, and other popular authors have been pressed into the service. The illustrations are by no means superior to those in our English magazines.

*Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society).—The *Sunday at Home* is less exciting than usual as regards the long stories; but there is the ordinary amount of instructive reading and scriptural



acrostics, and there is a description of a most eccentric invention called a Bible clock. The point of this consists in having a text for every hour of the day, containing the same number of words as there are strokes to the hour. This may have the effect of stimulating to piety; but, on the whole, we should have thought it simpler and more edifying to contemplate the texts in their original setting.

*Janie Nairn's Wee Laddie* (Miss Grant. Hatchards).—There is something attractive in the mere outside of this little book, and its inside does not disappoint us. It is full of simple lifelike sketches of Scotch country life, and will not fail to interest any one who takes it up.

*Every Boy's Own Annual* ("Leisure Hour" Office).—If gorgeousness is attractive to boys, this annual will be a favourite indeed with the rising generation. In the first place, there is a gaudy picture of "Famous Cricketers," whom their own mothers would fail to recognize; a jocose print, called "Social Transformations"; some brilliant flags, and some quiet-hued fishes. We must mention, by the way, that the dubbing of the fly-hooks is far too thick. Every kind of subject calculated to amuse or interest a boy is to be found in the letterpress, together with many suggestions that will be equally welcomed by their parents as a means of keeping them quiet during the holidays.

*Ambrose Oran; or, with the Buccaneers* (F. Scarlett Potter. S.P.O.K.).—The adventures of Ambrose Oran are of a comparatively unfamiliar sort. The hero, who takes service with a buccaneer captain in 1665, for the purpose of enabling his mother and sister to travel down to Somersetshire with his bounty money, is sold into slavery in Jamaica. After some years of a hard life he escapes, and becomes a hunter in Hispaniola, and next joins the fight for the possession of Panama. The intervals between these events are filled with all kinds of stirring deeds, and rather more horrors than are suitable for children. The illustrations are almost the worst we have seen yet.

*Hurricane Harry* (W. H. Kingston. With Illustrations by R. Huttula, Griffith and Farran).—No country from Nova Scotia to the coast of Guinea comes amiss to Hurricane Harry, a young gentleman who flourished in the middle of the last century. On reaching the years of discretion, which were so soon arrived at in those halcyon days, Master Harry entered the navy, and took part in the war with the Caribs. Adventures at sea were, however, insufficient to satisfy the young sailor, and he hurried back to England in time to take part in the Gordon riots. It is wonderful that in this scrambling existence he found time for love-making, but he did manage to do so, although this is discreetly kept in the background, with due regard for the age and sex of the readers. Let us all be thankful we did not live in those days, if people then were half as hideous as these drawings make them out to be.

*Great-Grandmother's Shoes* (Stella Austen. Masters and Co.) Miss Austen's tale, though a little disjointed, is a pleasant story of the plays and adventures of some country children. There is perhaps rather too much moralizing; but, on the whole, it is well written, and healthy in tone.

This is a great year for Christmas Cards. Messrs. De La Rue send us almanacs, cards, and Russia-leather pocket-books, which are not only a joy, but a practical benefit for ever. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode excel in floral cards. Messrs. Philipps call their cards in various decorative styles, "The Gallery Series." Messrs. Mansell's cards represent, in very attractive hues, all things on the earth, and a number of sea fairies in the waters under the earth. Mr. Rothes furnishes us with some sporting cards, among others. Mr. Raphael Tuck sends copies of the cards which were successful in last year's competitive exhibition. They are very various in style, and many of them very pretty.

Among other genial additions to the endearing festivities of Christmas is the *Renaissance Photograph Album* (Marion and Co.). We see no particular connexion between this tome and the revival of art and letters, nor can we praise the decorative borders of the pages.

Messrs. Kent have published a neat and stout box full of poetry, including Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Scott, and others. The twenty-four volumes are neat, but the text necessarily small.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT would hardly be fair to affirm that the lovers of scandal alone will be disappointed with the correspondence of Dorothea von Schlegel (1) and her sons Johann and Philipp Veit, for the disappointment extends to the lovers of biography and literary history. The separation of Mendelssohn's daughter from her admirable, but prosaic, Jewish husband; her union with the younger Schlegel, the hierophant of the Romantic school; and her subsequent metamorphosis into a Roman Catholic devotee, are in some degree symbolical of the whole history of the Romantic movement, beginning with a feverish revolt against conventionalities, and ending in subjection to a far more oppressive yoke. The intimate history of the affair, also, must have been most interesting, with its far-reaching consequences, and its influence on the lives and opinions of such men as the Schlegels and Schleiermacher, and its connexion

with the great literary scandal of "Lucinde." Unfortunately, the most important *pieces justificatives* perished when Henriette Herz, Dorothea von Schlegel's bosom friend and mediator with her first husband, destroyed her correspondence at the latter's request. The collection before us is not made in the interests of biography, but of the Roman Catholic Church; and its object is to show how a questionable proceeding, excusable, however, on the ground that the delinquents were only Jews and Protestants, resulted in the acquisition by the Roman communion of a quartet of very passable saints. It can hardly be doubted that Dorothea must have left behind her correspondence more worthy of her intellectual reputation than the letters to her sons while pursuing their artistic studies at Rome which constitute the bulk of these volumes. They indicate the careful, affectionate mother and the shrewd, observant woman; but are neither more nor less interesting than the domestic correspondence of thousands of other clever women of whom the world has never heard. The scanty correspondence of her unconverted period is as much more interesting as was the company she at that time kept. Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels are introduced with so much piquancy that, although in reality learning little about them, we seem to know them better than ever before. The greater the pity that a life which promised so much, attractive in its very errors, should have become, in comparison, a *caput mortuum*. During her transitional period between Judaism and Catholicism the influence of Friedrich Schlegel is very apparent, both in her letters and the aphorisms selected from her diary; but after her conversion there is little trace of any predominating intellectual influence. Her sons—Philipp especially—appear as worthy young men, and, as such, attractive, but with little of special interest to say; nor does their standing in the world of art seem to altogether justify the space claimed for them. The book, however, ends abruptly at 1817, twelve years before Friedrich Schlegel's death, and twenty-two before Dorothea's.

England has recently produced two excellent biographies of Lessing, each of which has enjoyed the honour of a translation into German. Herr Düntzer (2), however, thinks there is room for another; and, although his work has no pretensions to the literary merit of Mr. Sime's or Miss Zimmern's, it occupies a ground distinctly its own, which sufficiently justifies its publication. It is a companion to the author's previous biographies of Goethe and Schiller, and is, like them, almost entirely occupied with the incidents and external circumstances of Lessing's career, enriched with copious particulars of the persons with whom he was brought into connexion, and accounting, so far as may be, for every day of his life. Lessing's roving and unsettled existence did not allow the same luxuriance of personal intimacies and local associations to spring up around him as Goethe and Schiller amassed at Weimar; and hence his life, while more susceptible of interesting biographical treatment in the ordinary style, is less adapted for the method followed by Herr Düntzer. He has, nevertheless, collected, with extreme diligence, sufficient portraits, facsimiles, and views of places to equip a handsome illustrated volume, exceedingly useful as a ready and trustworthy means of reference to the leading facts of Lessing's life, and bearing much the same relation to biographies executed in a more purely literary spirit as a good topographical handbook does to the history of a country.

A very handsome volume, got up with a degree of typographical luxury unusual in Germany, records the history of a person of some importance in Lessing's life, the actress Caroline Neuber (3). The theatre conducted by Caroline during Lessing's early residence in Berlin first awoke Lessing's enthusiasm for the stage, and she produced in 1748 his first piece, *Der junge Gelehrte*, an insignificant performance in itself, but marking an epoch from which the regeneration of the German theatre may be dated. It was at that time in a miserable condition, alike devoid of good pieces and good performers. The best plays it could show were translations from the French, which, indeed, continued to be the case till long afterwards. Baron von Reden-Esbeck has published in facsimile a playbill of a translation of Regnard's "Distract," and also one of a tragedy-ballet on the story of Faust, curiously indicative of the condition of the theatre at the time, and valuable as an illustration of Goethe's poem. Neuber's own company was merely a strolling one, moving from place to place, and her career was most unfortunate. She was at one period closely allied with Gottsched, the dictator of the German literary republic in his day, but more chiefly remembered as the victim of Lessing's ruthless polemic. Misunderstandings, however, crept in, and Neuber lost credit by appearing in a piece designed to ridicule her former benefactor. Nothing else is laid to her charge; but after her death at Leipzig, in extreme poverty (1760), she was refused Christian burial for having been an actress, an outrage atoned for by an expiatory service in 1852. Lessing had the highest opinion of her powers, and her name will always be connected with the revival of the German drama. Baron von Reden-Esbeck's monograph is too long for the intrinsic importance of the subject, but is highly creditable as the refined amusement of an amateur of the drama, and wants no recommendation in the shape of fine paper and print, and interesting facsimiles of autographs and playbills.

(2) *Lessings Leben*. Von Heinrich Düntzer. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Caroline Neuber und ihre Zeitgenossen: ein Beitrag zur deutschen Kultur- und Theatergeschichte*. Von F. J. Freiherrn von Reden-Esbeck. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Dorothea von Schlegel, geb. Mendelssohn, und deren Söhne Johannes und Philipp Veit. Briefwechsel im Auftrage der Familie Veit, herausgegeben von Dr. J. M. Raich*. 2 Bde. Mainz: Kirchheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

A sketch of Prince Alexander Galitzin (4), Minister of Public Worship under Alexander I., by his assistant, the late Peter von Goetze, is full of interest, though rather as a contribution to our knowledge of a singular phase of Russian history than as a biography of the Prince himself. Galitzin, who is represented as a most high-minded and amiable man, had his full share in the remarkable religious reaction which so strongly influenced State affairs during the latter years of the reign of Alexander I. After long enjoying the Imperial favour, he became compromised in the disgrace of the patrons of the Bible Society, and assailed by the reigning favourite Araktschejeff and the fanatical monk Photius, whose pretended revelations had obtained an almost incredible influence over Alexander's mind, was removed to the subordinate department of the Post Office. Photius, Araktschejeff, and other persons concerned in these intrigues, are sketched with great spirit by Goetze, who was himself disgraced, but subsequently obtained an honourable situation in the Ministry of Finance. Galitzin enjoyed the personal favour of Alexander's successor in a high degree, but never again took a prominent part in public affairs. Goetze himself appears as a sensible, clear-headed German, a man of perfect integrity and high culture. His memoirs, though containing few facts of first-rate importance, convey a vivid impression of the unwholesome condition of public affairs under Alexander I., a prince too intelligent to be unconscious of his incapacity to support the tremendous burden imposed upon him, and who, like Friederich William IV. of Prussia under similar circumstances, sought for a spurious strength in a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. The parallel between the two Alexanders is in some respects startling. Araktschejeff is naturally depicted in the most unfavourable colours; but some of the traits recorded of him seem to indicate strong affections and real magnanimity. There are several anecdotes of Catherine II., mostly illustrative of her refined tact and real goodness of heart when political considerations did not interpose.

The latest narrative of the celebrated African traveller, Gerhard Rohlfs (5), is the account of the abortive commencement of what was designed to have been one of the most extensive of African explorations. Starting from Tripoli, Herr Rohlfs was to have proceeded northward until he reached the valley of the Congo, and to have determined the watershed between that river and the tributaries of the Niger. Upon reaching the oasis of Kufra, however, a spot about eight degrees south of Bengazi, the expedition was arrested and plundered by a native chief; and, although the travellers were subsequently released and a portion of the spoil restored, it was deemed inadvisable to proceed further. The travellers owed their deliverance in great measure to the intervention of the Snussi, a society of dervishes of recent origin, but who have already obtained an influence in that region of Northern Africa corresponding to that exercised in Central Asia by the late Akhond of Swat. They are usually regarded as exceedingly fanatical; but their chief, a highly intelligent man who works miracles every day, is probably well aware of the danger of molesting Europeans under the present dispensation. As it was, Prince Bismarck interfered, and compelled the Sultan to redeem the obligation of his nominal sovereignty over Tripoli by a compensation of 800*l.* to the German Geographical Society. Under these circumstances, Herr Rohlfs's book cannot be expected to possess much importance as a record of travel, though there is no lack of bright and attractive sketches. His account of Tripoli possesses some special interest as the most recent, and in view of the political complications to be expected in the Regency. The city of Tripoli has, he says, made great progress since his last visit, entirely owing to the development of the trade in halfa (*Stipa tenacissima*), a plant used in the manufacture of paper, which yields a sure crop, independent of the weather, and exempt from the attacks of locusts. The oasis of Kufra, he thinks, may originally have been a marsh. The most valuable part of the book is perhaps Dr. Ascherson's appendix on the plants brought home by the expedition, with a catalogue of the specimens and an historical survey of North African botany.

Dr. Reuss's "History of the Old Testament Scriptures" (6) is a very well executed summary, not only of the books themselves, and of the questions relating to their date and authorship, but of the circumstances of the times of which they treat, distinguished by a spirit at once liberal and conservative, and very clear. Its most important feature, however, is the extensive accompanying bibliography.

Dr. Zart's (7) sketch of the influence of English philosophy upon the German philosophy of the eighteenth century, a prize essay, is perhaps less interesting as a contribution to its ostensible subject than as a sketch of a number of meritorious writers, followers for the most part of Leibnitz or of Wolf, who have been almost entirely forgotten.

There are many sound and ingenious remarks in Sophus Schack's

"Studies in Physiognomy" (8), but they are marred by an endeavour, carried to an extravagant length, to trace out fanciful resemblances between human and animal countenances.

From Vienna we have the most important study in English metre that has appeared since Dr. Guest's *History of English Rhythms* (9). The first instalment, a goodly volume of 565 pages, after some introductory chapters describing the sphere of metre, which Dr. Schipper elevates to a science, to be considered from the æsthetic, the empiric, and the historic point of view, treats of Old English poetry. This the author divides into the Anglo-Saxon age and the Old English age, the latter comprehending two periods, the Norman and the Transition. He traces the story and the development of English verse through the early strict alliteration, the mingling of alliteration and rhyme, the attempt to combine accentuation with numeration of syllables, and the various strophes used by our ancient poets. Dr. Schipper speaks with enthusiasm of the high point to which English versification attained at an early period, and points out the importance of the study of metre, as yet unduly neglected, as a necessary aid to the establishment of a really satisfactory theory. His work abounds with evidences of care and learning, and we trust may receive in this country the attention to which it is entitled. Its value is enhanced by a full index.

Woldemar Kaden (10), who has already produced a volume of light sketches of Italian matters, comes forward with another of still lighter substance, but as lively and entertaining as the author designed them to be. We are only at a loss to perceive the relevancy of an essay on some points connected with the *Faust* of Goethe, whose "Italiänische Reise" would surely have been more in place. The other papers include disquisitions on Tasso, on Italian popular superstitions, on shows and miracle plays, and on the tragical history of the beautiful, but unfaithful, Duchess d'Avalos.

The concluding volume of Robert Pröles's *History of the Modern Drama* (11) embraces nearly all the history of the French drama that is not of merely antiquarian interest. There seems a curious indifference to proportion in the unequal distribution of the volume between the classical and the modern French drama, the former occupying four-fifths of the whole, although information respecting it is so much more accessible. His account of the Romantic reaction in France, and its manifold developments, must be pronounced meagre and unsatisfactory, while his treatment of the classical epoch is good and full.

The author of the "Jews of Barnow" and "Moschko of Parma" has again achieved a decided success as a novelist (12), qualified only by the fact that he has this time been less studious of brevity and finish. The story of Taras, a Galician popular champion, not altogether unlike Sacher Masoch's "New Job," only that his end is tragical, is decidedly too long. It is nevertheless full of fine feeling and spirited portraiture, interspersed with beautiful pictures of natural scenery.

"A Million," by E. A. König (13), is a fair average novel of incident, but rather commonplace and mechanical.

The *Rundschau* (14) opens with an elegant, although somewhat too artificial, story by Hans Hoffmann, founded on the Roman version of the myth of Melusina. The writer has evidently made Paul Heyse his model, and the pupil is not unworthy of the master. A review of the recently published biography of the great publisher Brockhaus contains some striking instances of the official persecution of liberal ideas in Germany after the War of Liberation. Another series of the Paris correspondence of the philologist Hase during the Consulate afford an insight into the French affairs of the time, especially the confusion in legal and ecclesiastical affairs before Napoleon took them in hand; and a translation of a report of Count Pahlen, dated 1867, expresses the apprehensions even then entertained by Russian statesmen of impending social disorganization.

It is a fault of *Auf der Höhe* (15) to have too many short contributions. Perhaps, however, the shortest is the most important, if Professor Palmieri proves accurate in his brief announcement of his discovery of helium, a metal hitherto only met with in the solar spectrum, in the lava of Vesuvius. The Italian novelist Ciampoli contributes a powerful, but fantastic, tale, "The Adderman"; and the editor himself a pretty child's story. The most interesting of the other contributions are Professor Schwicher's sketch of Hungarian politics on the eve of the Revolution of 1848, and C. Hankiewicz's specimens of Ruthenian proverbs. The foreign correspondence is a valuable feature of the periodical.

(8) *Physiognomische Studien*. Von Sophus Schack. Aus dem Danischen von Eugen Liebh. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Englische Metrik in historischer und systematischer Entwicklung dargestellt*. Th. 1. Altenglische Metrik. Von Dr. J. Schipper. Bonn: Strauss. London: Trübner & Co.

(10) *Skizzen und Kulturbilder aus Italien*. Von Woldemar Kaden. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*. Bd. 1. Hft. 2. Das neuere Drama in Frankreich. Von R. Pröles. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Ein Kampf um's Recht: Roman*. Von K. E. Franzos. 2 Bde. Breslau: Schottlaender. London: Nutt.

(13) *Eine Million: Roman*. Von E. A. König. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Jahrg. viii. Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Auf der Höhe*. Internationale Revue herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 1. Hft. 3. Leipzig: Grosse & Schramm. London: Trübner & Co.

(4) *Fürst Alexander Nikolajewitsch Galitzin und seine Zeit*. Aus den Erlebnissen des Geheimraths Peter von Goetze. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Kufra: Reise von Tripolis nach der Oase Kufra, ausgeführt im Auftrage der afrikanischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland*. Von Gerhard Rohlfs. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Alten Testaments*. Entworfen von Eduard Reuss. Erste Hälfte. Braunschweig: Schroetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Einfluss der englischen Philosophen seit Bacon auf die deutsche Philosophie des 18 Jahrhunderts*. Von G. Zart. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.



The most interesting contributions to the last two numbers of the *Russian Review* (16) are a valuable account of Kashgar, a description of some ancient wearing apparel found in Greek sepulchres in Southern Russia, and a review of the proceedings of the late International Monetary Conference in so far as they affect Russia.

(16) *Russische Revue*. Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg 10. Hft. 9. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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